


georgian

yearbook



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the georgian

2021

page 1



headmaster's message

Though much is taken, much abides.

Alfred Lord Tennyson
Ulysses

This is my 10th annual Message from the Headmaster in the opening pages of The Georgian. I consider it a great privilege to be able to reflect on the year past.

I've established a pattern for the creation of my annual message over the past decade. I'm going to break with that pattern by not acknowledging the commitment of Mr. Hutton, Editor-in-Chief of the Georgian at the end of my remarks, but rather, at the beginning of them.

From our arrival back on campus on September 9th, Mr. Hutton understood that while this would be a different version of The Georgian, it would be an important record of what is undoubtedly the most challenging year in the 57 year history of the College. There are no teams and athletics or Terry Fox Run photos, images from the Carol Service, international trips and exchanges, band performances, Mistletoe Market, Prefects and grade 3s tying ties and so many other memories that we'd come to take for granted as essential moments of the school year. Instead, what is undoubtedly captured in this copy of The Georgian, is the inextinguishable spirit of a community who rose above the challenges of the pandemic to ensure that the essence of a year at RSGC endured. Halloween costumes, lunches and lunch time activities, arts and sports, much learning, laughter and, most importantly, deep, sustaining relationships are captured in these pages.

On behalf of everyone in our community, thank you Mr. Hutton for your vision and the care and professionalism you bring to the creation of The Georgian.

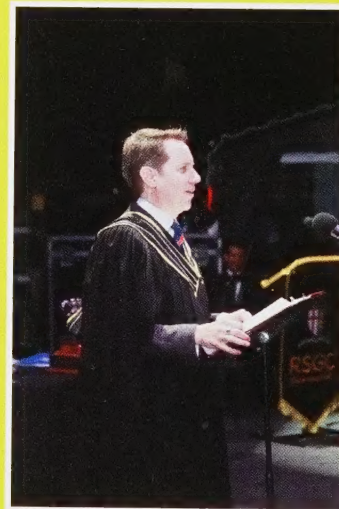
In so many ways 2020/21 is a school year many of us will be happy to leave behind;

to forget. For all the reasons we feel that way, it is important to remember what was accomplished, especially by the students and adults who learned together every day, whether at school or at home. This edition of The Georgian pays tribute to all of them.

As always, my final words are to our graduates and they are words of deep gratitude. You faced so many obstacles and hardships at the end of your time with us. At every challenge, however, you demonstrated adaptability and resilience; good humour and joy. You've taught our younger students what it means to be Georgian. I am proud of you and I am so grateful. Remember that you are Georgians for life.

Here's to brighter days ahead!

Stephen Beatty '86



Contents

staff.....24

grads.....96

grades 3-11.....50

the year.....134









































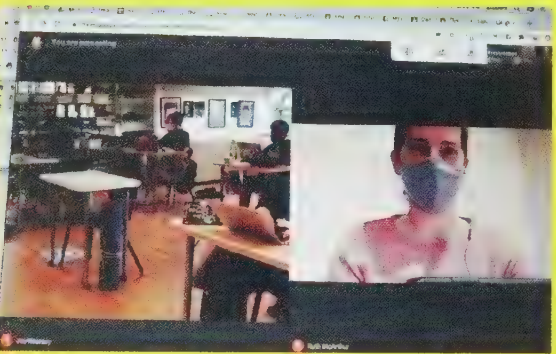




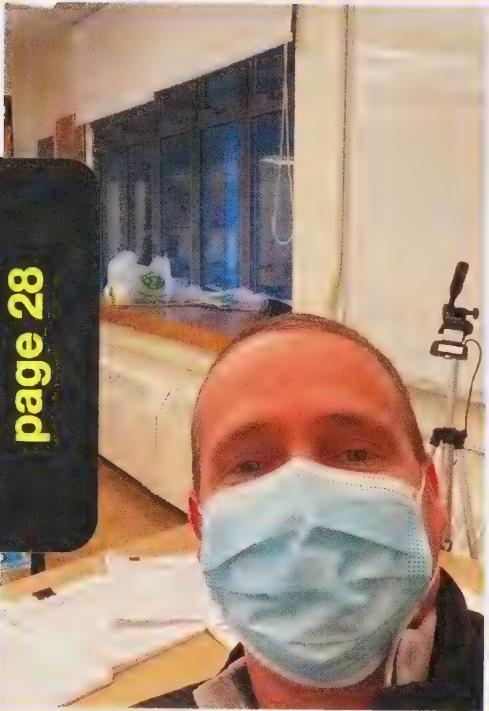
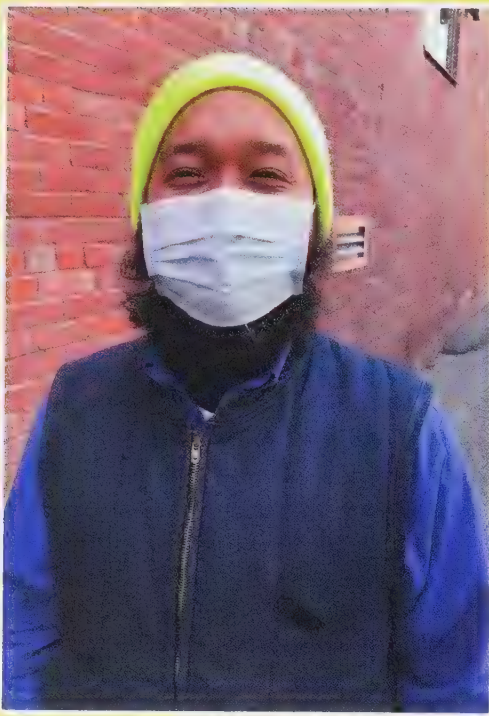
adults

masked and unmasked



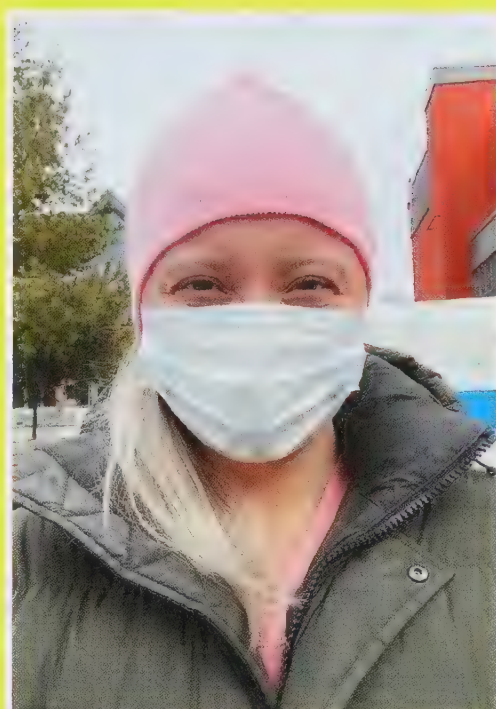






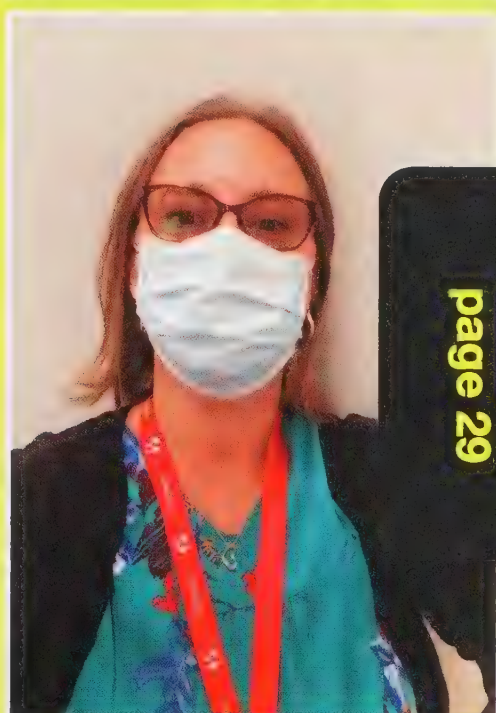
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Gerry Doerksen
Alessandra Matera
Leanne Mladen
Laura MCPheDran
Drew Blanchette
Toni Nosworthy
Peter Smith

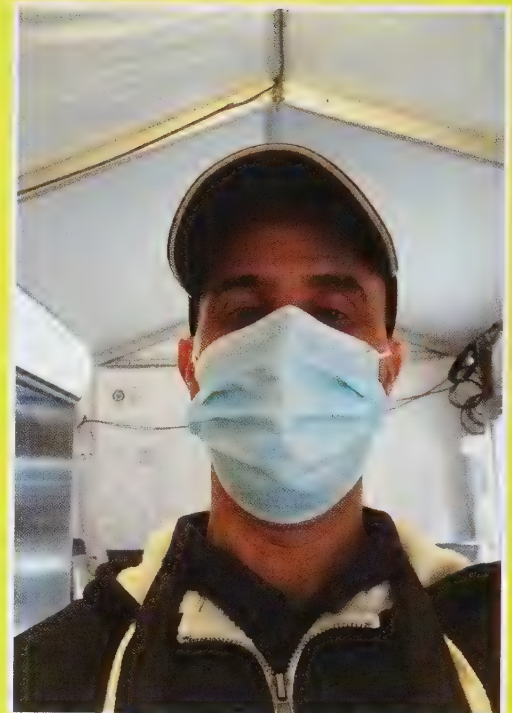
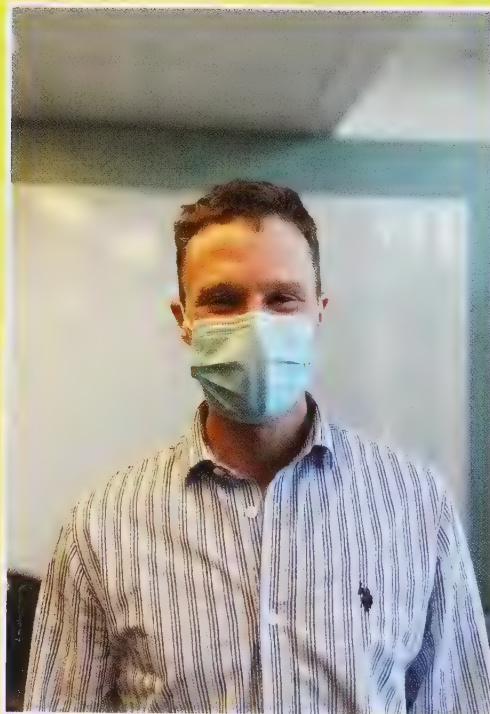




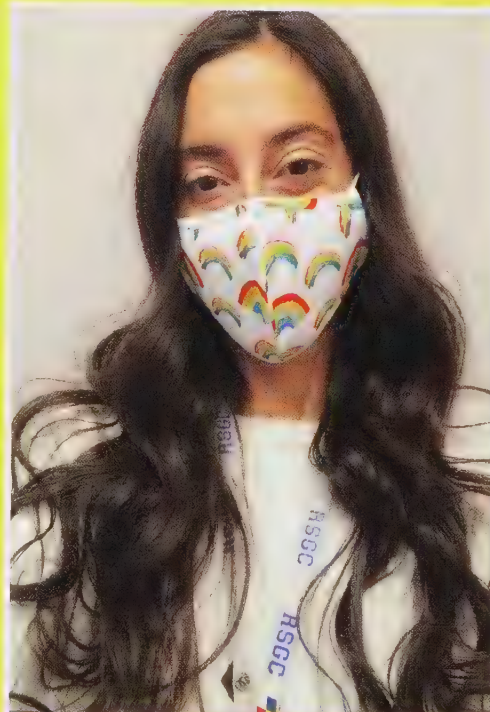
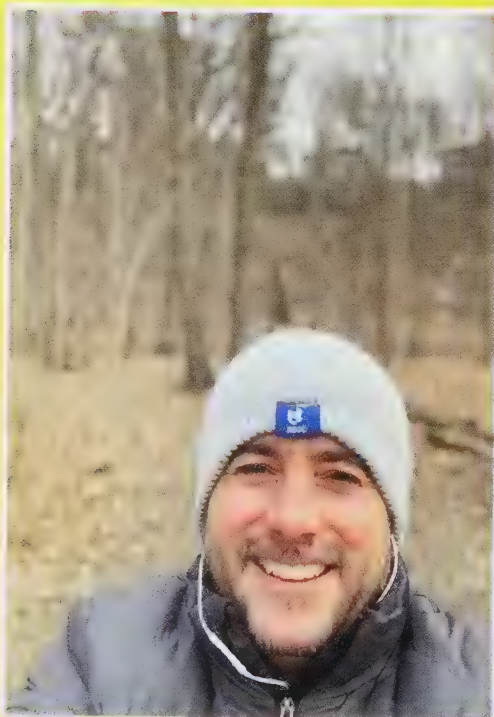
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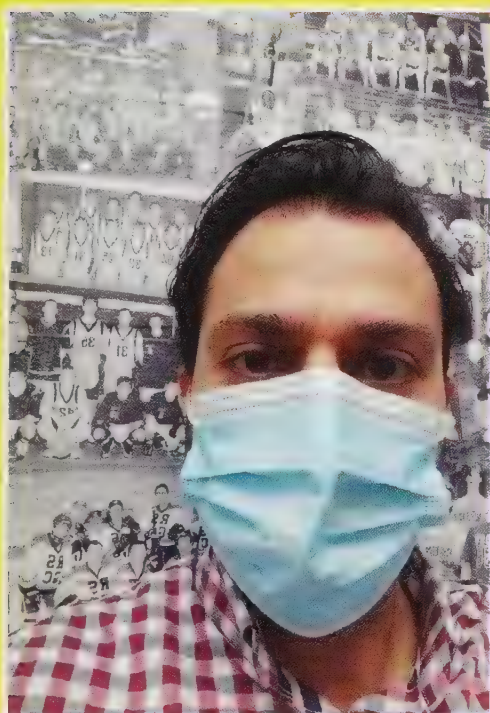
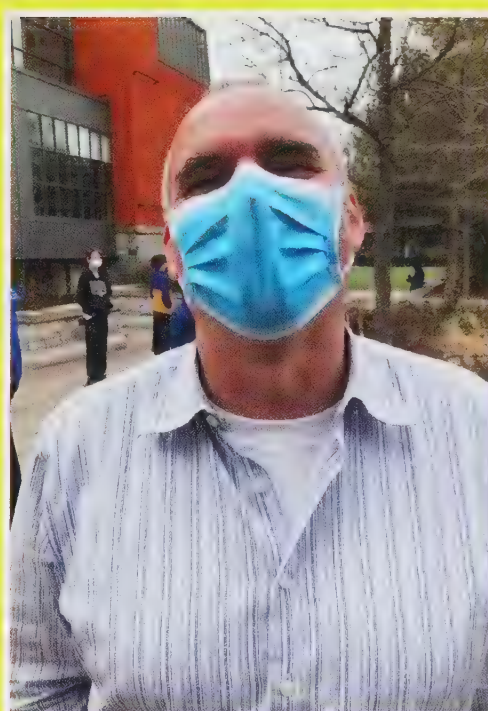
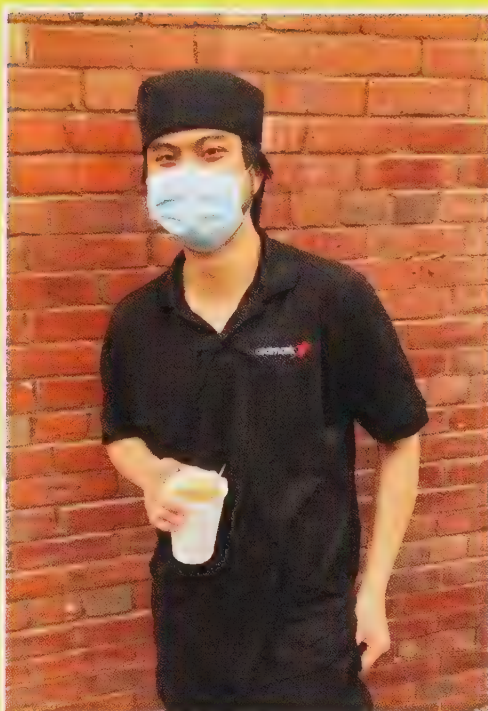
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Patricia Penner
Michelle Bader
Larissa Eguaras Raymond
James Leatch
Emma Totten
Sanaz Ghoreshy



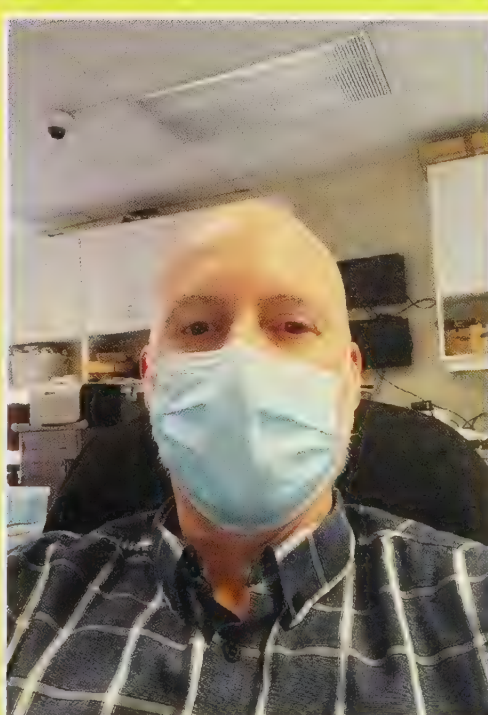
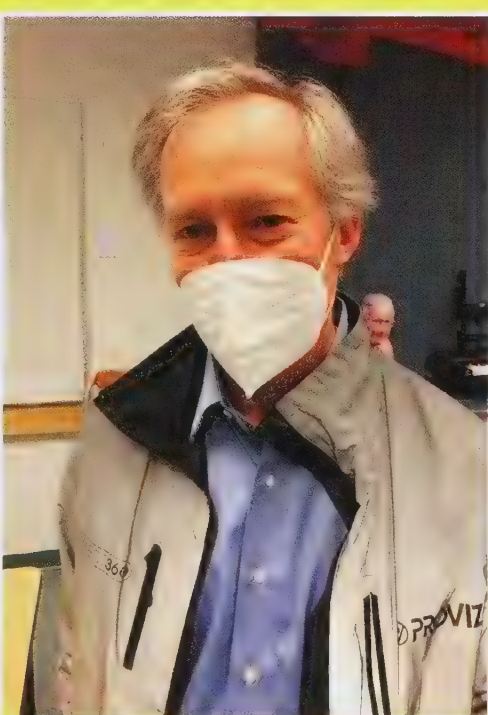


clockwise from top left:
Mardi Michels
Jeff Enfield
ABDelilah Bounouar
Tom Stevens
Sarah Dukes
Danielle Rovinski-Bannon
Jay Kearsey
John Evans





Clockwise from top left:
Rachel DeBlois
Ian Salvador
Glen Algarvio
Paul O'Leary
Torin Rumball
Chris Newton
Stanislav Kotliar
Rickesh Kotecha



Scott Ackley '04
 Marites Africa
 Glen Algarvio
 Lauren Alpern
 Marin Anderson
 Tara Ardila
 Jacquie Baby
 Michelle Bader
 Steve Beatty '86
 Thelma Black
 Drew Blanchette '96
 Jennifer Bonetta
 Abdelilah Bounouar
 Justin Briginshaw
 Soteira Briginshaw
 Richard Bubb
 Simon Cain
 Vincent Candelaria
 Michelle Carter-Webb
 Nathan Chow
 Maureen Ciullo
 Chris Connolly
 Stephen Dame
 Chris D'Arcy
 Paul Darvasi
 Rachel DeBlois
 Jean-Claude DeGuy
 Lisa Dickinson
 Gerry Doerksen
 James Donnelly
 Sarah Dukes
 Jeff Enfield '97
 John Evans
 Trena Evans
 Keith Farrar
 Charles Fowler '86
 Rebecca Gardiner
 Lindsay Gentner
 Sanaz Ghoreshy
 Julie Girvan
 Ashleigh Gledhill
 Miguel Gomez
 Gustavo Gonzalez
 Yolande Grant
 Sara Griffiths
 Cathie Gryfe-Seeley
 Nadya Habib
 Alison Hart
 Rochelle Hayward
 Vilma Hoyos
 Kate Hubbs

Tim Hutton
 Douglas Jamieson
 Sarah Jessani
 Emily Johnson
 Maria Jordan
 Kelsi Kaufhold
 Andrea Kaye
 Jay Kearsey
 Catherine Kirkland
 Rickesh Kotecha '00
 Stanislav Kotliar
 Myriam Lafrance
 John Lambersky
 James Leatch
 Michael LeSage
 Sean Loucks
 Anna Magor
 Gary Martin
 Alessandra Matera
 Ruth McArthur
 Laura McPhedran
 Mardi Michels
 David Miller
 Leanne Mladen
 Teresa Mohabir
 Matthew Mooney
 Bill Moran
 Nelson Mugisha
 Christopher Newton
 Toni Nosworthy
 Margaret Nozuka
 Jane Nyman
 Danielle Offenbacher
 Paul O'Leary
 Norma Orellana
 Aaron Payne
 Patrica Penner
 Luke Rankin
 Larissa Eguaras Raymond
 William Reid
 Brian Robinson
 Danielle Rovinski-Bannon
 Torin Rumball
 Michael Ruscitti
 Dianne Ryan
 James Ryan
 Ian Salvador
 Peter Sarellas
 Robert Sawdon
 Greg Seale
 Peter Smith
 Phil Spacie
 Janet Stephenson
 Tom Stevens
 Jennifer Stroud

Danilo Tan
 Adrian Thornbury '87
 Emma Totten
 Diana Tudora
 Martin Turner
 Stefanie Turner
 Steve Turner
 Edgardo Valencia
 Nick van Herk
 Lissette Vengoechea
 Rowena Verso
 Pascale Vorakhoumane
 Tom Wade West
 Shirley Wagar



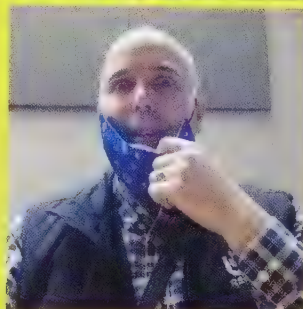
Keith Farrar



Rochelle Hayward



David Miller

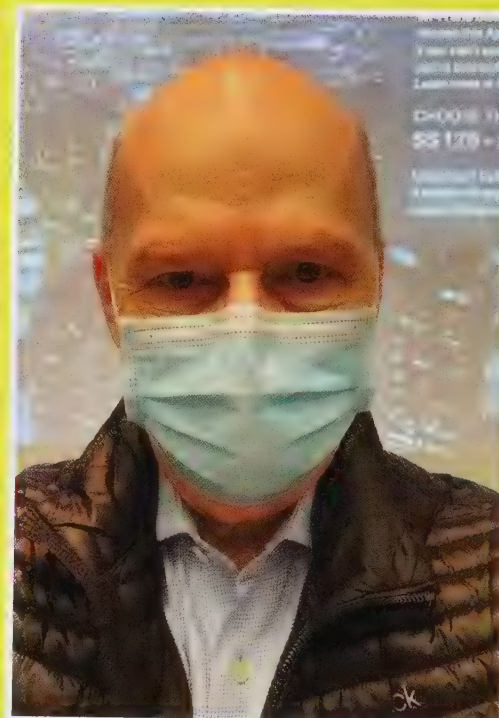
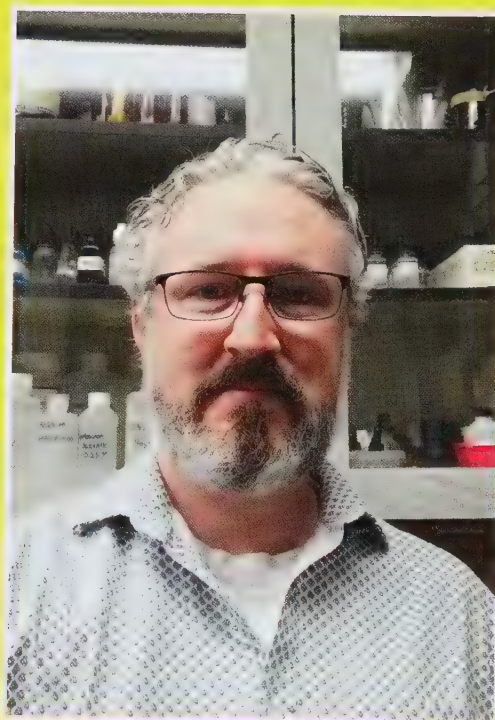
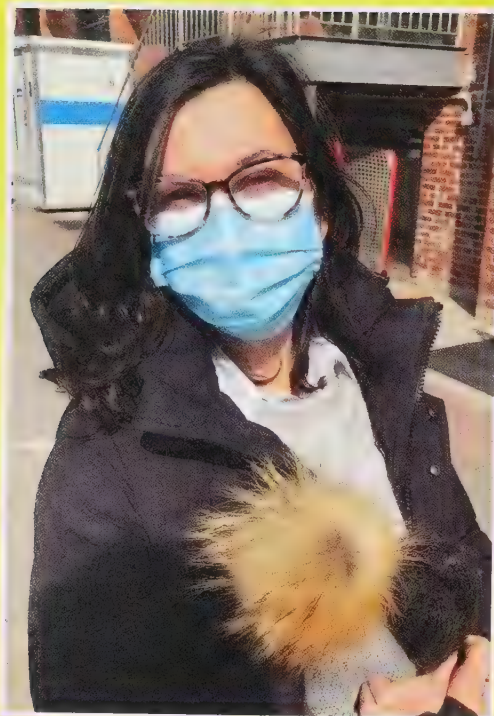


Stephen Dame



Chris D'Arcy

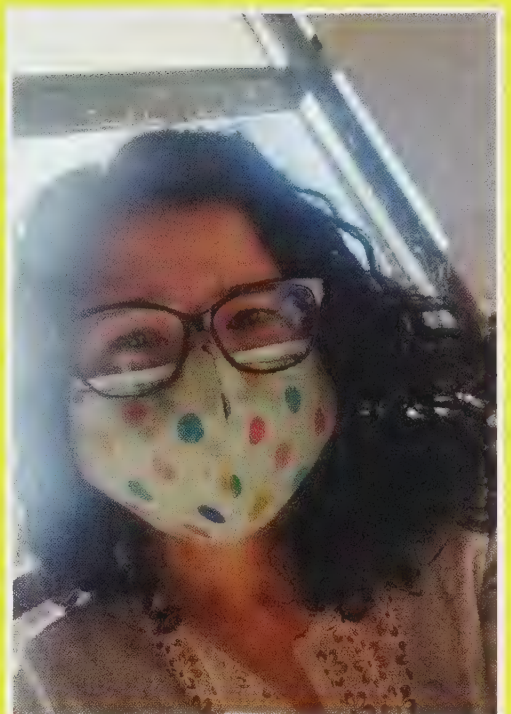
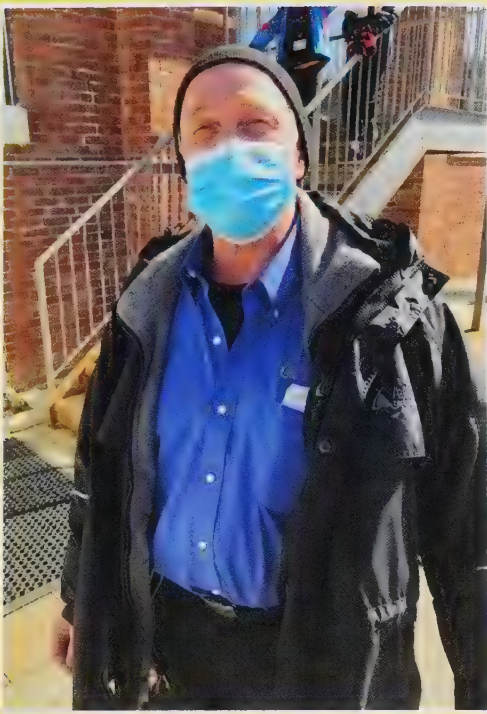




clockwise from top left:

Anna Magor
Luke Rankin
Tom Wade-West
Jean-Claude Deguy
Tara Ardila
Steve Turner
Brian Robinson
Ruth McArthur





Clockwise from top left:

Bill Moran

Emily Johnson

Nadya HaBiB

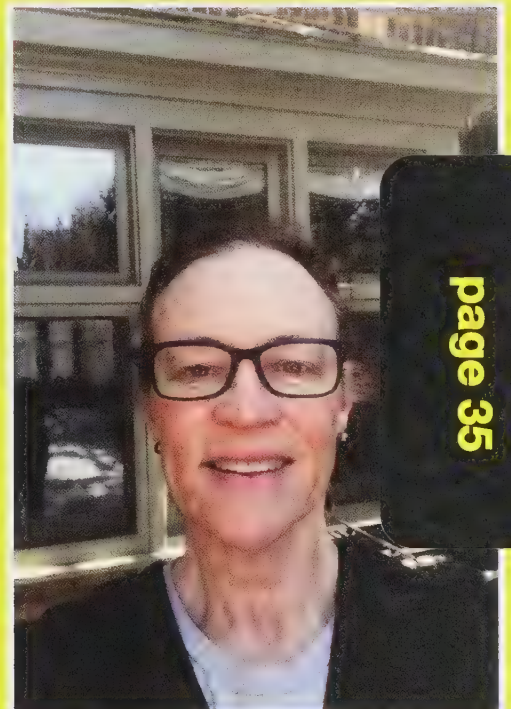
Sara Griffiths

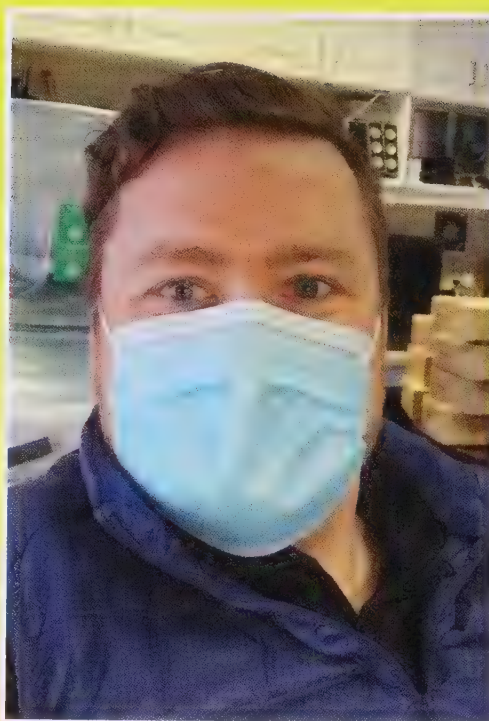
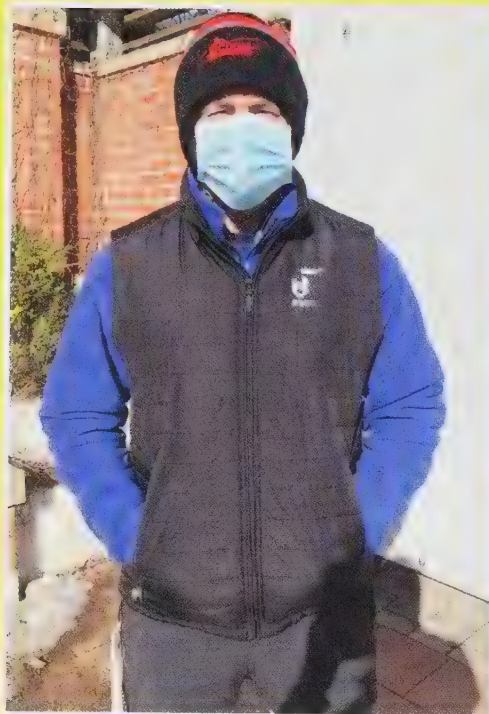
Mike Ruscitti

Marin Anderson

Phil Spacie

Margaret Nozuka





clockwise from top left:

Scott Ackley

Simon Cain

Stefanie Turner

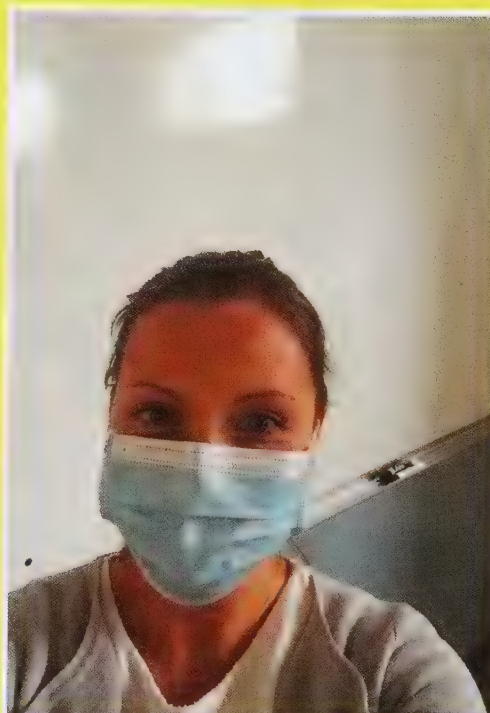
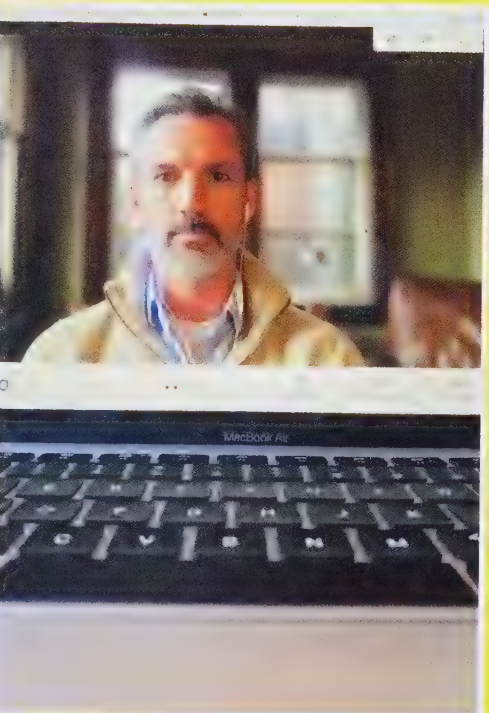
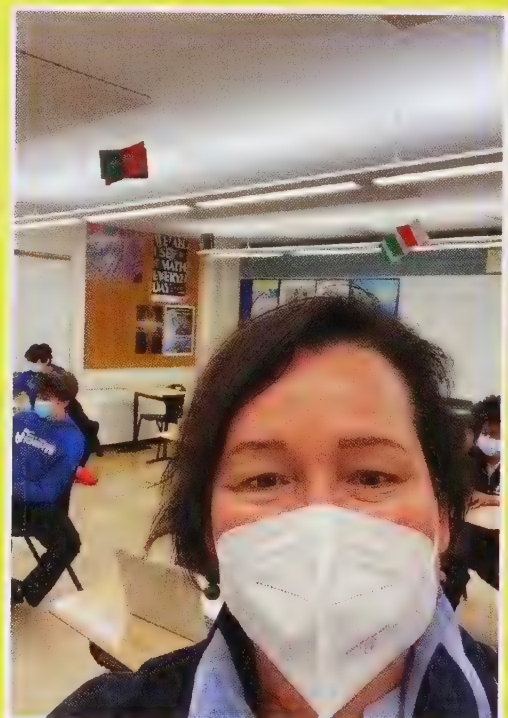
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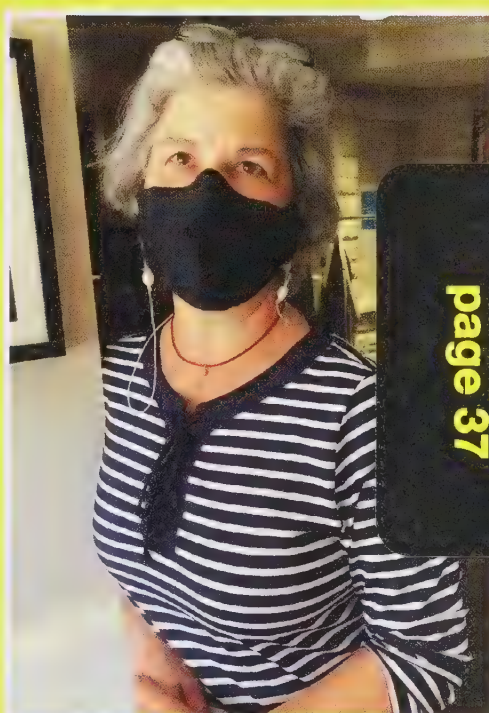
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Gary Martin



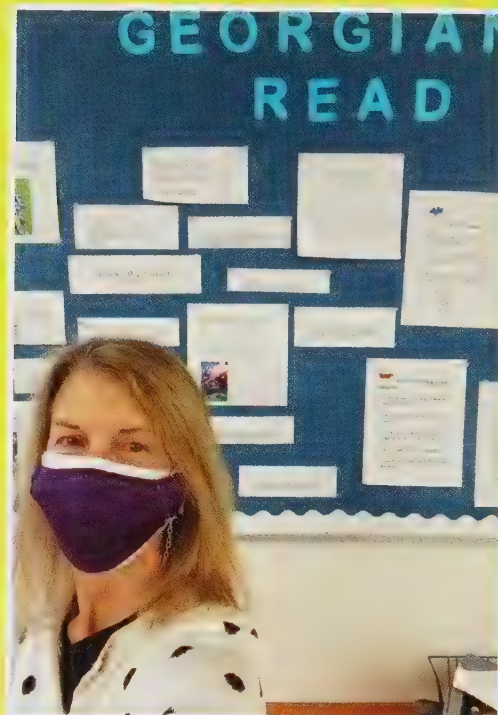
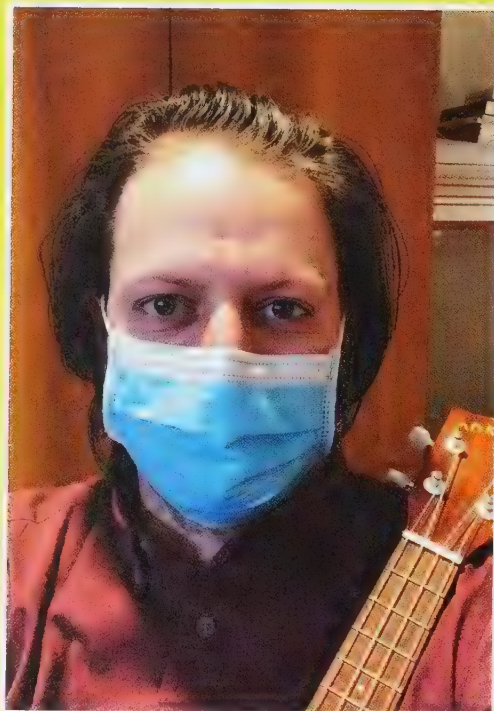


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Gustavo Gonzalez
Charles Fowler
Diana Tudora
Catherine Kirkland
Jennifer Stroud
Cathie Gryfe-Seeley
Jennifer Bonetta
Julie Girvan



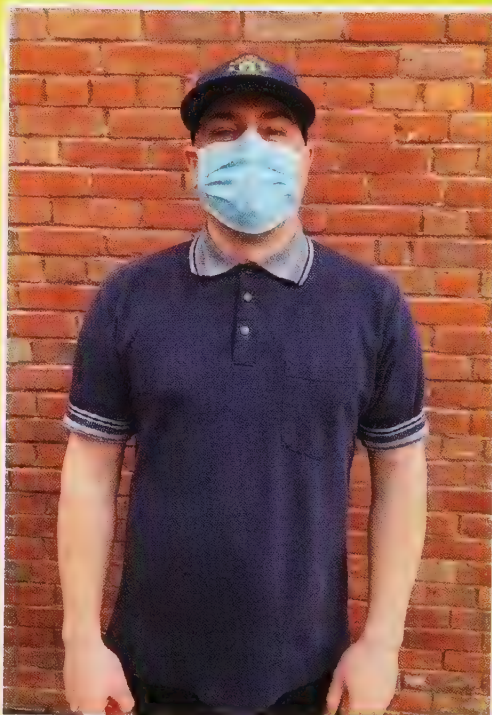
page 37

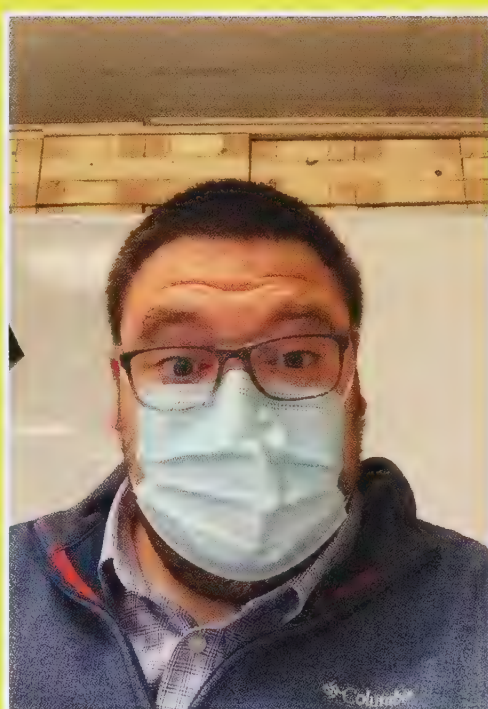
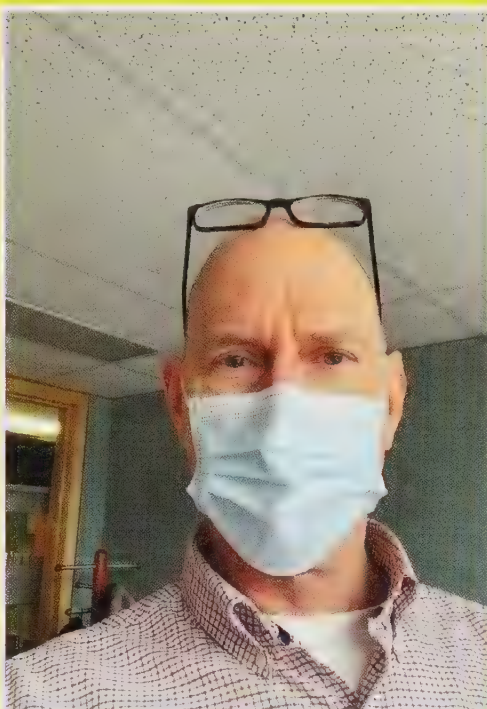




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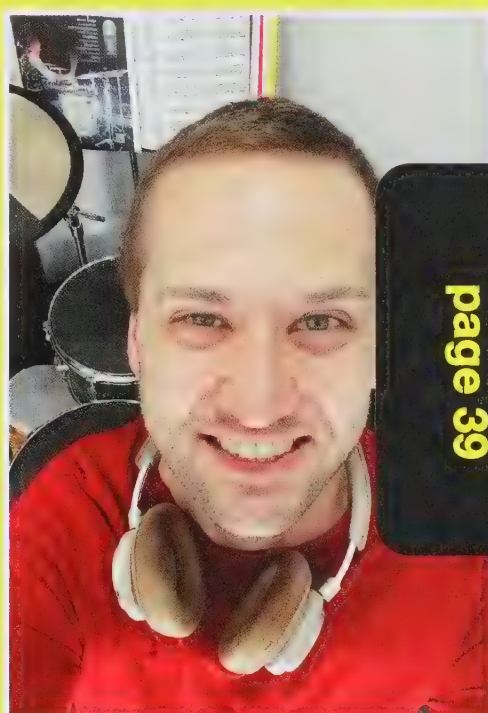
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Soteira Briginshaw
Lauren Alpern
Paul Parvasi
Peter Sarellas



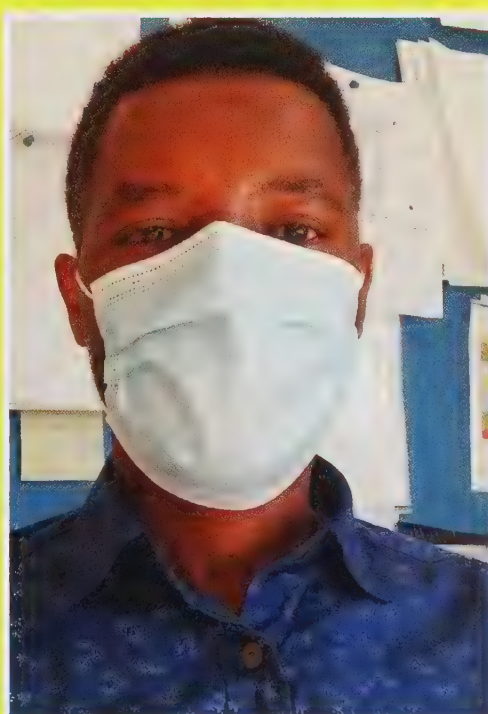
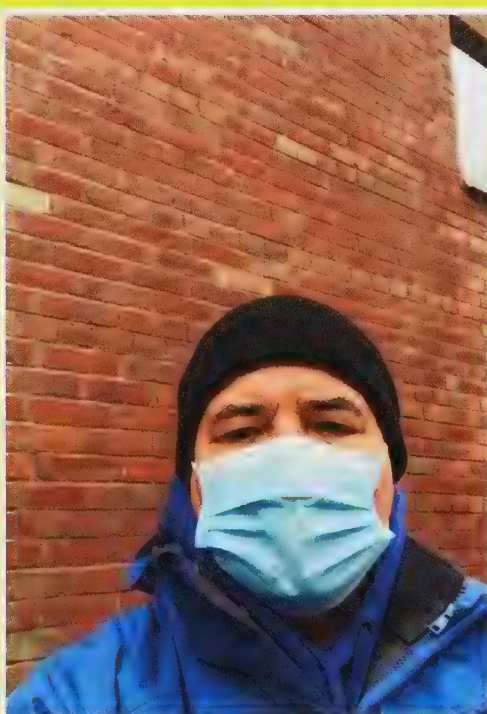


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Nick Van Herk
Matt Mooney
Justin Briginshaw
Nelson Mugisha
Miguel Gomez
Greg Seale
Sean Loucks

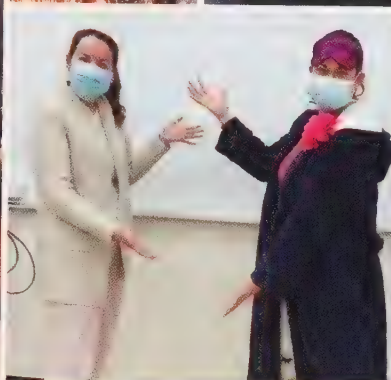
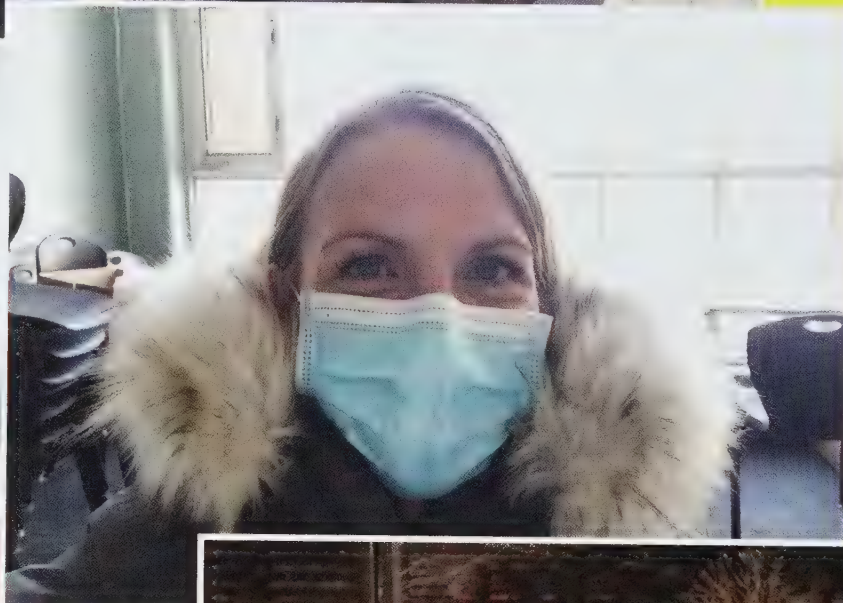
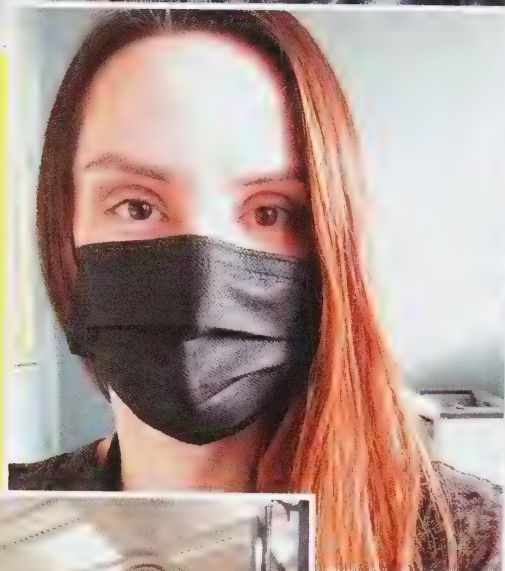


page 39





page 40



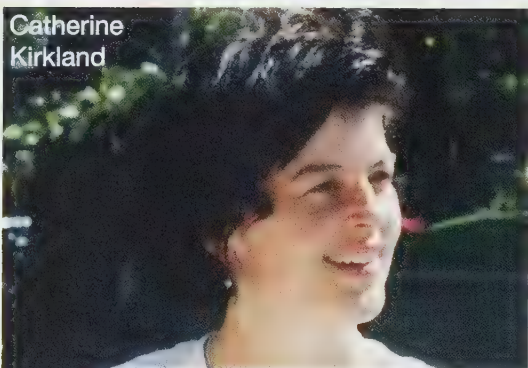
Clockwise from top: Dianne Ryan, Jacquie Baby, Myriam Lafrance, James Donnelly, Rachel DeBlois, Ashleigh Gledhill, Adrian Thornbury & the Stay Puft Marshmallow Man, and Lisa Dickinson.



Stephen Beatty '86 with Max Zhang '30







Catherine
Kirkland



Nick
Van Herk



Julie
Girvan



Cathie
Gryfe-Seeley



Paul Darvasi

Grade 19 marks the end of my Georgian journey and occasions a retrospective of what has come to pass. Two decades ago, I reluctantly returned to Canada from South America and landed at 111 Howland Ave. On a whim, I offered my resume to the school across the street in case they needed a supply teacher. Due to a series of fortuitous accidents, I was quickly hired to teach Grade 7. I intended to finish the year and return south, but little did I suspect that this beautiful school had other plans for me and that my life would be dramatically transformed. Since, I've learned from nearly 2000 teachers disguised as students and colleagues. Collectively, they pushed me to be better, caused me to rethink assumptions, enlightened me, occasionally infuriated me and, most importantly, always held me accountable. While here, I met and married my best friend, issued two children, directed four plays, earned two degrees, read tens of millions of words, walked 40,000 kilometers, circumnavigated the globe, lived through a pandemic, nearly lost a finger, experienced staggering coincidences, conversed with the dead, found refuge in a garret, trafficked in stories, found my calling, taught in all three buildings, attended weddings and funerals, invented half a dozen games, embarked on three choir tours (I still can't hold a tune), coached soccer for 15 years (still don't know all the rules), played five seasons of ball hockey (two goals!), and wore exactly the same T-shirt for 18 years of faculty photographs. I laughed here, I was loud

here, I cried here, I inflicted and suffered wounds here, I loved here, I grew here, and I learned that life, like our school, is a gift without measure. I attended well over a dozen educational institutions, but this will forever be my one and only school. I depart our sacred space with an aching heart that overflows with gratitude, and I hold a deep conviction that what I mistook for an accident all those years ago was simply meant to be.

Paul Darvasi

It is hard to put into words what the last seventeen years at RSGC have meant to me. I came to RSGC as a young, new teacher full of excitement about beginning my teaching career. I was immediately welcomed into this incredible community of students, faculty, and families. RSGC is an extraordinary place, and I feel lucky to have been a part of the Georgian experience for so many years.

My favourite memories include funny classroom moments, numerous days on the ski hill, countless outdoor education experiences, Terry Fox Spirit Days, and many more! I will be forever grateful for all that I have learned and how much I have grown throughout my time at RSGC. This is not goodbye, but farewell until our paths cross again. Thank you for all you have given me. I will miss you!

“Love challenges, be intrigued by mistakes, enjoy effort and keep on learning.” – Carol Dweck

Julie Girvan

When I graduated from my last high school in 1984, my grad quote was: “If you want to get rid of an enemy, make a friend out of him.”

I still try to live by that, but I realize that it's not always possible. Not everyone is friend material for everyone else.

So now I will graduate from high school one more time in 2021 and the words I live by are ones my mother said to me the first time around: “Smile at people. It might be the only nice thing that happens to them that day.” And so off I go, with a smile on my face, with happy memories and many RSGC friends (who were never enemies).

Cathie Gryfe-Seeley

Thank you to all of the beautiful students, colleagues and parents that made my life at RSGC a happy and loving place to come to work for 20 years. You have all taught me so much, and so many of you have touched my life in ways that are incomprehensible. I will take your many gifts and stories with me and think of you often.

To all the students: The greatest thing that can be said about any person is that they are kind and humble. Strive to have these words be a description of you.

With so much love,
Catherine Kirkland

Shortly after I started at SGC (as it was called then), Mr. D'Arcy told me he had been teaching at the school for thirteen years. At the time I really couldn't get my head around the idea of being in any one place for that long. Fast forward thirty one years, and here I am! To say that the time has flown would be an understatement. Granted, my job(s) have changed during that time (I was originally hired to teach math and economics and coach basketball), as has the school in many ways. What has remained constant however, and what's really kept me here all these years, is the quality of the people - both the students and my colleagues. I really can't imagine a better environment to have spent essentially my entire working career. Amongst my many, many fond memories: the 2003 production of Jesus Christ Superstar (no, I wasn't in the cast - simply an audience member), the senior basketball teams (including a few championship ones) that I coached in the 90s, the March Break band trip to Costa Rica in 1995, basketball road trips to Montreal with Messrs. Nakatsu, Dunkley and Ackley, daily lunch hour cribbage games with Mr. D'Arcy and Mr. Orlando, playing '99' with my advisees, the grade 11 outdoor ed trips to Squamish (especially the first trip with 'Mountain Man' Hal Hannaford, Mr. Lee, and Mr. Stevens), and pretty much all my AP Stats classes. I'm not sure what's next for me but I do know that I will miss you all.
Mr. VH

“Be yourself; everyone else is already taken.” - Oscar Wilde

Nick Van Herk

staff memories

Some favourite memories of the year:

The scramble to get remote learning going in March of 2020, and the thrill of going live that first week. Also seeing people bring the new classroom spaces to life when we came back in September.

Seeing students joyful involvement in Spirit Week activities on our first sunny days after what seemed like an interminable winter.

Every morning the Grade 7s would stand on their dots outside before going in. We would sing, talk, laugh and do our health checks. We smiled in the sun, snow, rain. We paused to see the colours of the trees turn around us. It was always a great way to start the day.

Seeing how happy the Junior boys were to be back at school.

Counting the number of times someone said "You're on mute."



Rare and cherished impromptu outdoor visits with colleagues and students not in my cohort.

The first time we went online and I saw all of the boys' faces without masks.

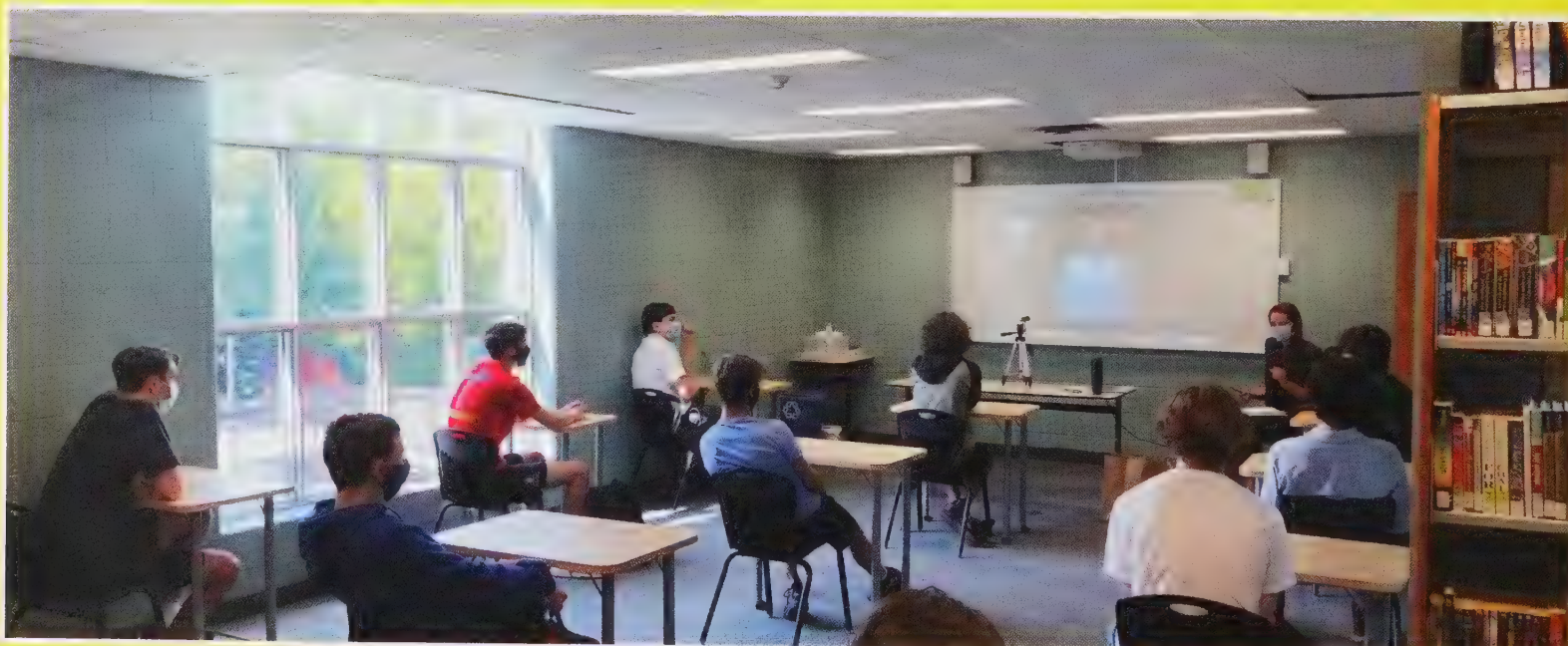
The prefect announcements were always good. I think we need to invest in a TV studio.

Listening and watching as Miguel taught me how to fly his drone. He gets such amazing video and pictures.

Every class when I saw students in person.

Coffee Time behind the Junior School.

Finally getting back in our gym with some of our grade 11s and 12s for RSGC Basketball Club - it was the longest that I had been away from our gym in 20 years...can't wait until we can all be hooping it up safely again - better times ahead!



Getting the flu shot on campus--the only time I've seen other faculty and staff, it was great to converse with one or two in person (socially distanced and masked of course.)

How the community has responded to the pandemic. In and out of school. Boys showing up everyday during in person learning

Outdoor Phys Ed and standing outside under the propane heater between classes in December

Scoop ball on the tarmac.

Dance parties with the grade 7 pod teachers.

Running club on Thursday and Friday mornings.

The first day of school when we got to see our boys for the first time in 188 days.

Every day the boys set foot on campus

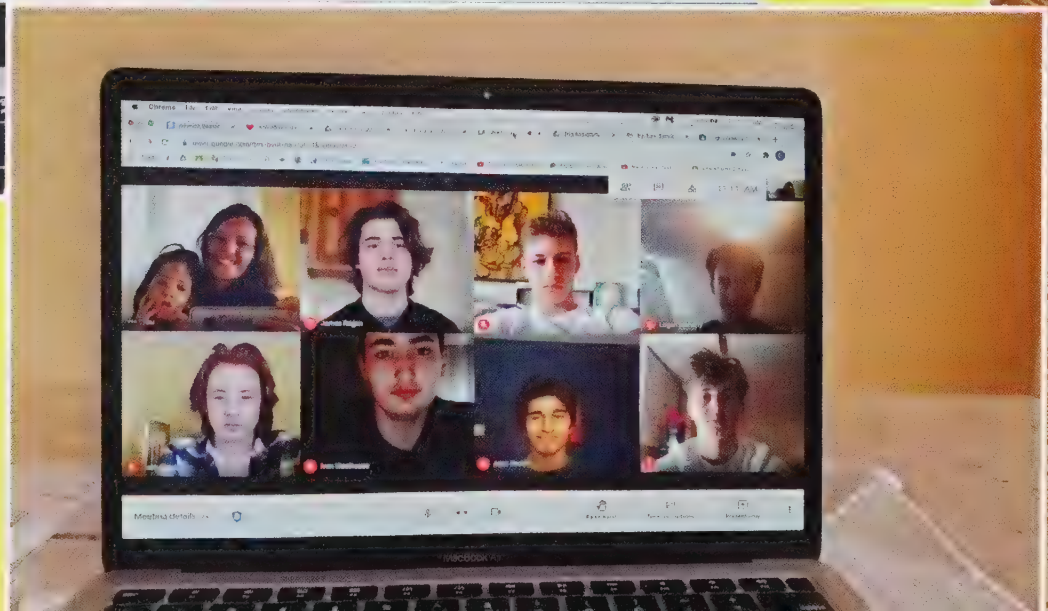
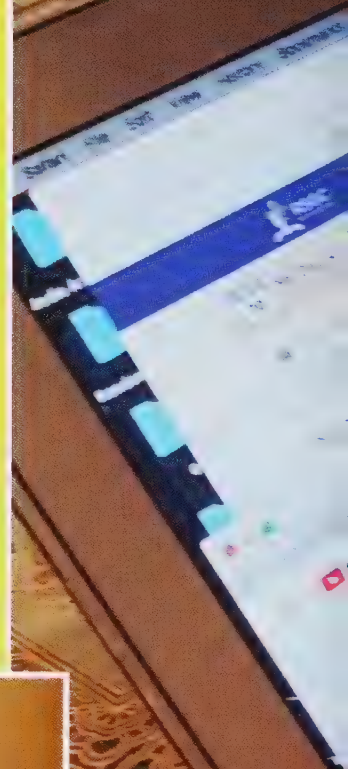
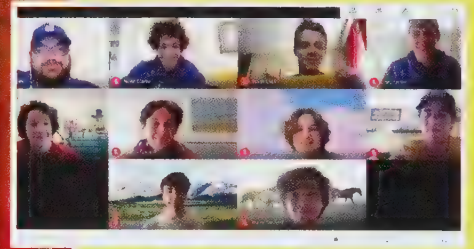
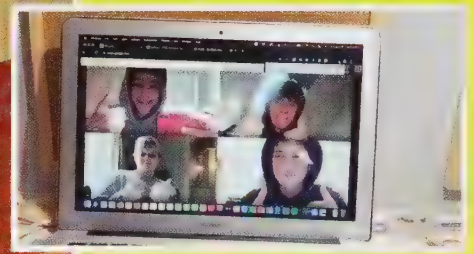
Seeing Miguel Covid clean our floor meticulously every day and feeling safe :)

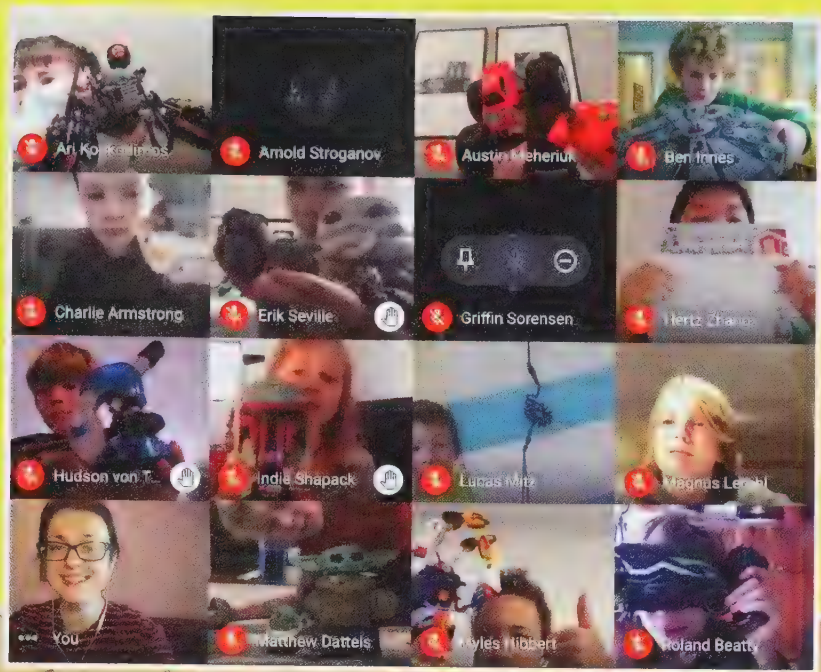
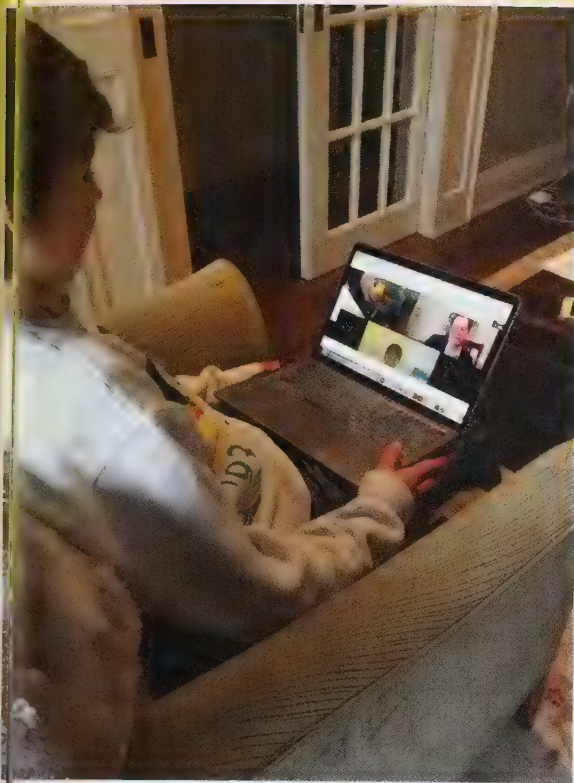
The Pandemic Prefects!

Andy van Nostrand playing songs for the start of English class.

The 9:30 coffee tent run.







Find Joy!

Choose your own adventure! In the last few minutes of class, select one of the options below and enjoy!

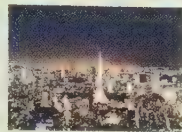
Take a virtual roller coaster ride!



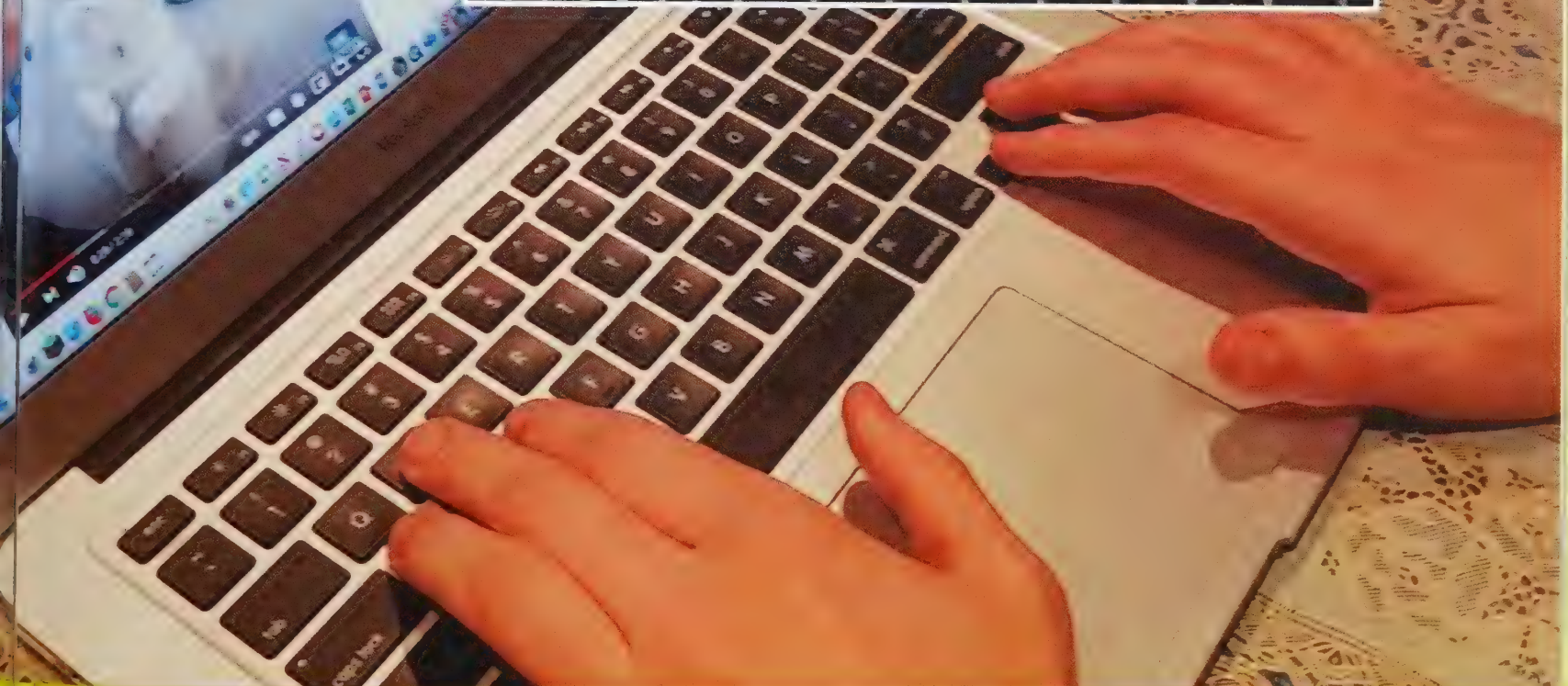
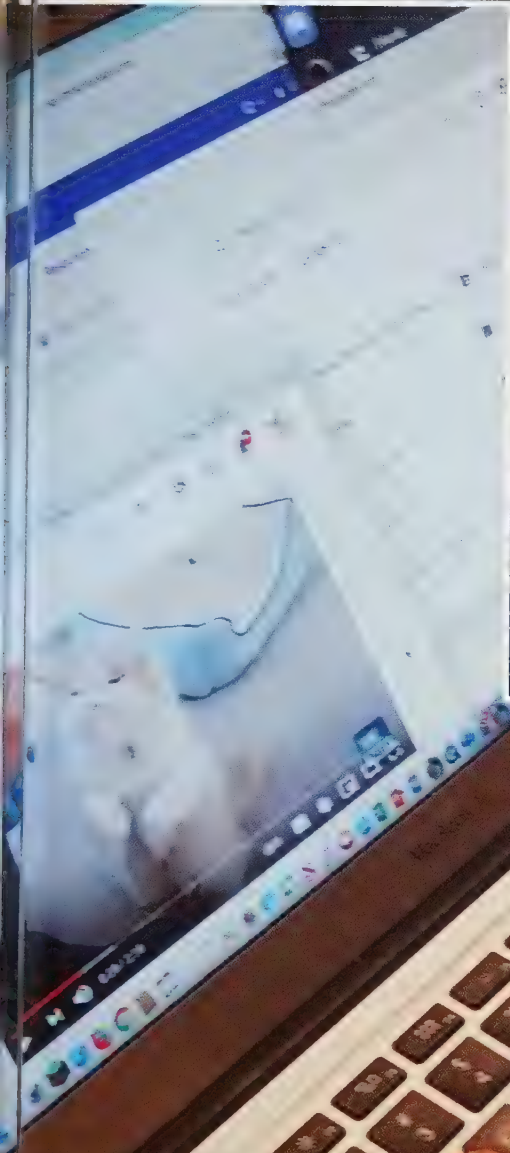
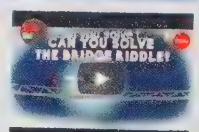
Visit with some animals by checking out the live cams at the [San Diego Zoo](#)



Click this [link](#) to explore the Earth at night in this collaboration between Google Earth and Nasa



Try out this riddle!





students

assorted ages and sizes

page 51







grade 3



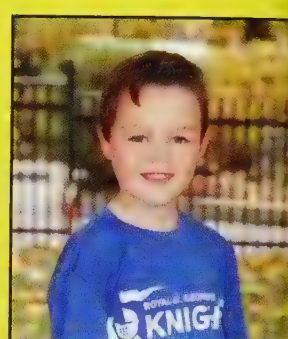
Gabe Chen



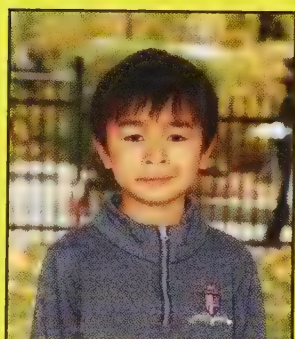
Harrison Gransden



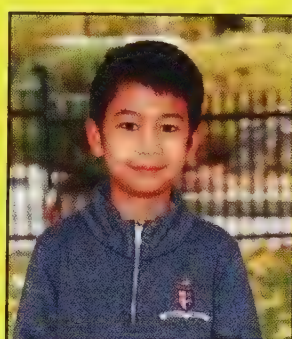
Luke Kirby



Will Kirby



Oliver Liu



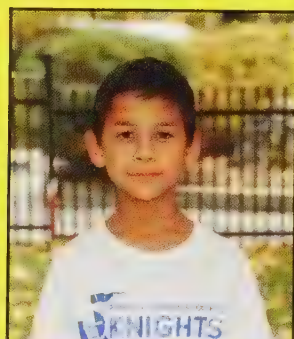
Alexander McFarland



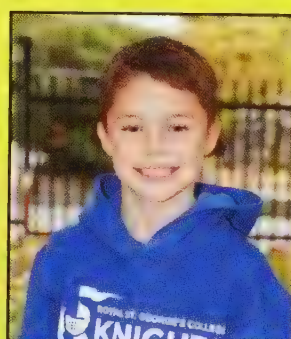
Logan McLean



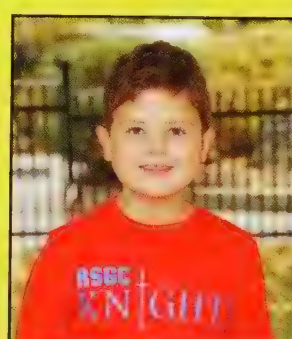
Hamish Rand



Aleksey Te



Evan Vandeweghe



Seb Vaux

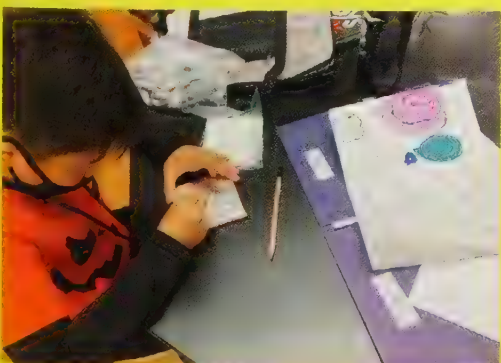
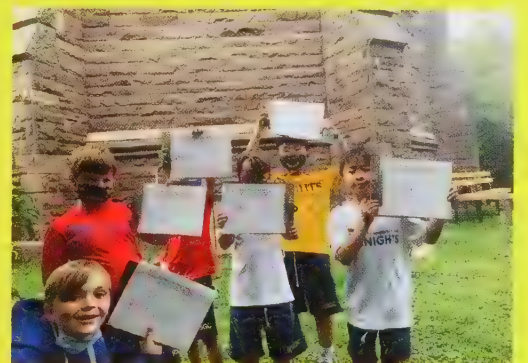
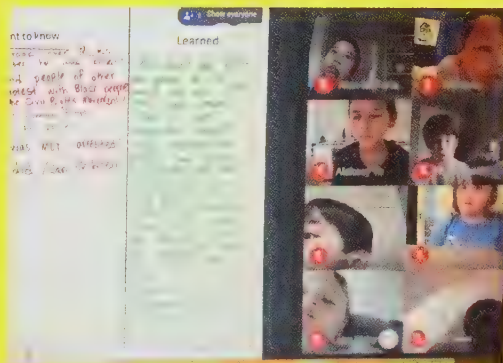


Max Zhang

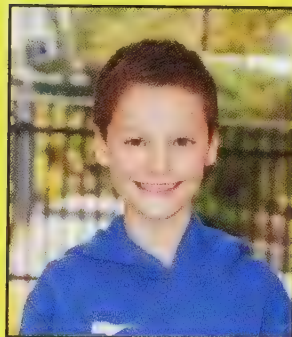




page 55



grade 4



Charlie Armstrong



Roland Beatty



Matthew Dattels



Myles Hibbert



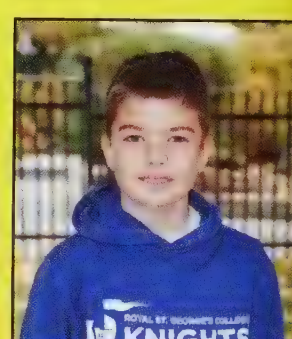
Ben Innes



Ari Koukodimos



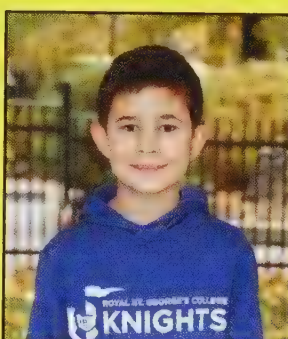
Magnus Lerohl



Austin Meheriuk



Lucas Mitz



Erik Seville



Indiana Shapack



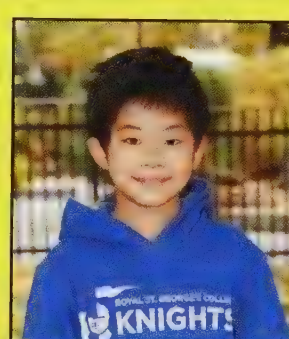
Griffin Sorensen



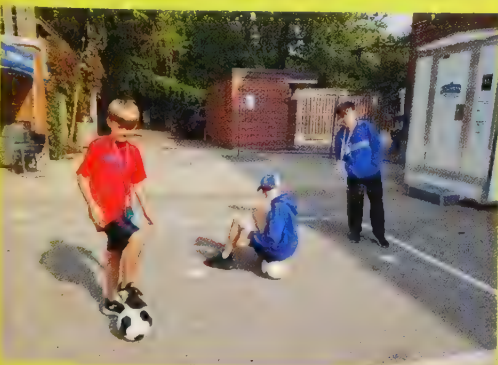
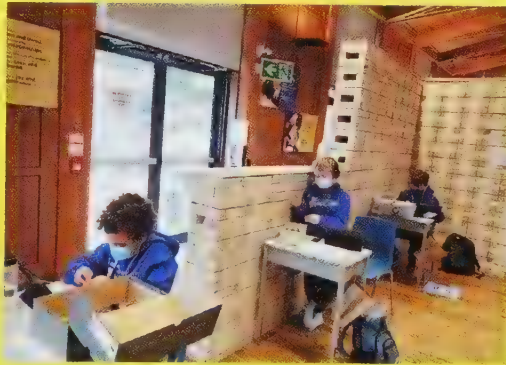
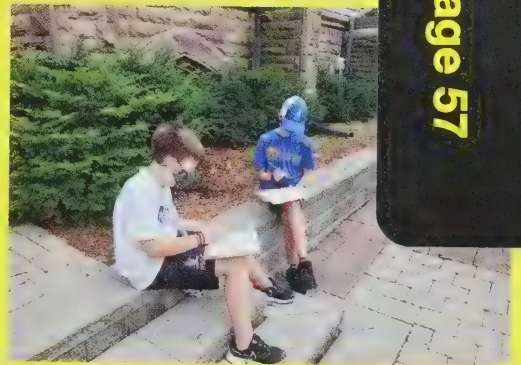
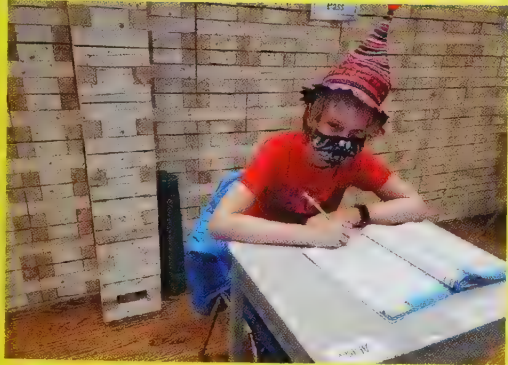
Arnold Stroganov

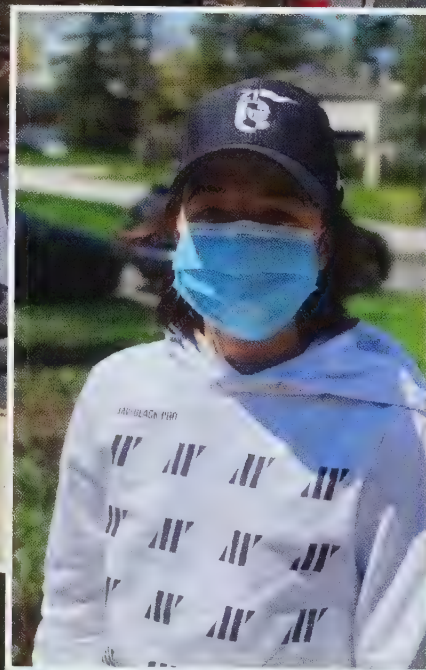
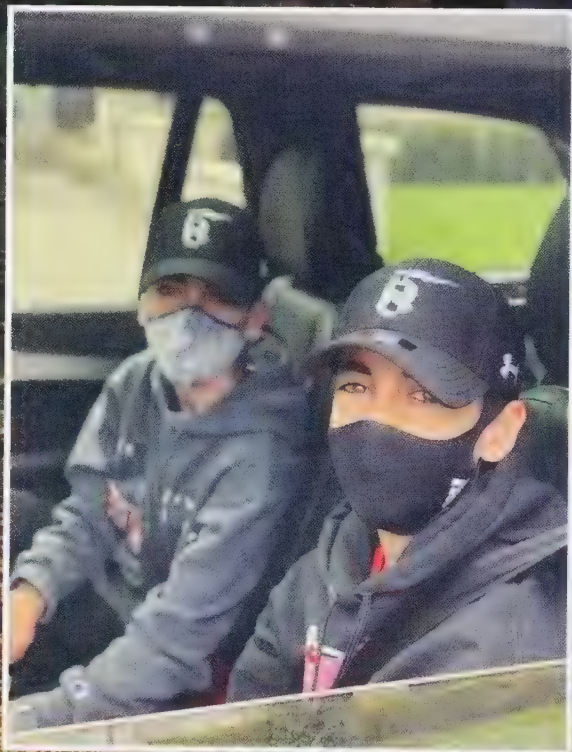


Hudson von Teichman

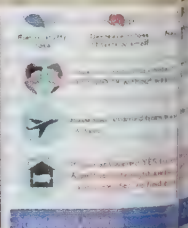


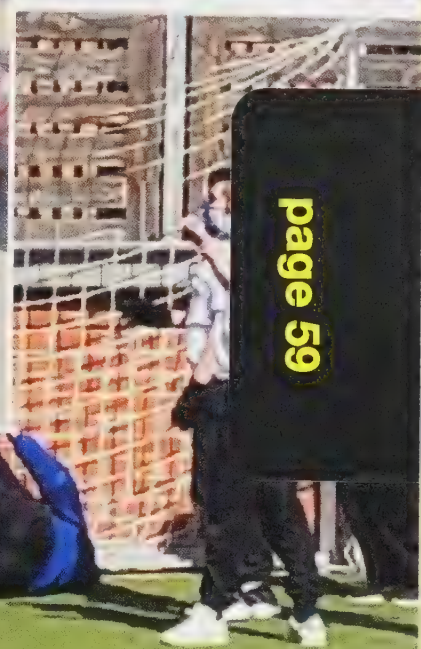
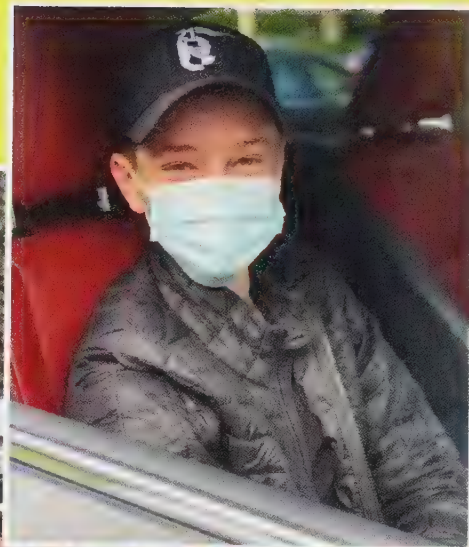
Hertz Zhang





**GRADES 5 & 6
ONLY
ENTRANCE &
EXIT**





page 59



grade 5



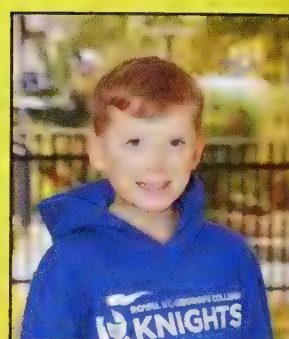
Jake Andersen



Conrad Balzer



Drew Clark



Quinn Daniels



Charlie Finnegan



Harrison Gibbs



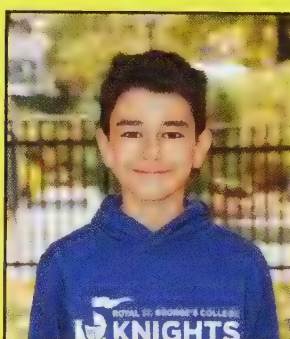
Theo Gomes



Lukas Grossman



Devan Liu



Matteo Maggi



Tillson Mann Shaw



Caleb McFadyen



Winston Morgan



Elliot Mulcahy



Max Mull



Henry Rand



Alexander
Simionopoulos



Luke Trussell



Henry Yamashita

grade 6



Robbie Armstrong



Bryn Babbar



Aiden Craig



Gabriel Escoto



Baker Felesky



Daniel Iantorno



Will Innes



Janak Jamal



Malcolm Lamacraft



Ozzy Lister



Laurie Psarolis



Neal Shaw



Max Sidhu-Dennison



Owen Vaux



Sam Vincent



Will von Teichman



John Waggott



Ryan Woolhouse



Adam Zhu



Thomas Zissopoulos

What did you like about online learning?

The teachers and staff say.....

The commute
Hanging out with my dog
Watching my son achieve new milestones
No morning rush
Relaxed clothing options
Wearing sweatpants and slippers
Sleeping a bit later
Taking walking breaks throughout the day
Working on my patio
Seeing my own family more
Quiet space to focus
The later start
Having a new puppy sit next to me while working
Afternoon naps

Grade 8 says

Being in my PJs and waking up later
Not having to walk home in the cold
Working to my own schedule
Less class interruptions thanks to muting
Sleeping in
School ending earlier
Spending time with my dog
How I could stay in bed
Not having to wear a mask at home
Being with my family
Not taking the subway
The independence
Being more comfortable
Teachers are more relaxed

page 64

Grades 3-6 say

Easier to do homework
Kahoots
More snacks
Not waking up so early
More family time and time at the cottage
Not having to wear a mask
Fridays
Working at my own pace
The shorter day
Getting to play online with my friends
Playing with my cat
Working in my room
Being with my family
The day was shorter
Lunch break
You get to pick your snack
Not rushed
Lots of breaks
Not worrying about time
Seeing everyone's faces
Everyone trying to figure out how to learn online together!

Grade 7 says

I didn't like it
Freedom
I get to work in my room
Not having to drive to school
Being able to do whatever I want for breaks
Not having to sit in an uncomfortable chair
Being able to work without distraction
Don't have to walk to school
More sleep
More flexibility

New pandemic hobbies

Biking	Snowshoeing
Playing basketball	Photography
RC airplane flying	Rollerblading
Preparing meals	Skateboarding
Playing football	Scootering
Playing boardgames	BMX
Playing volleyball	Ballet
Running	Building robots
Playing spikeball	4 square
Spinning	Pickleball
Rowing	Collecting flags
Learning Portuguese	Starting my own Youtube channel
Playing chess with my dad	Reading on Epic
Training for a 5 K	Playing badminton
Yoga	
Lots more reading	
Creative writing	
Studying for tests	
Intense Minecrafting	
Baking chocolate chip cookies	

Favourite TV shows to watch during a pandemic

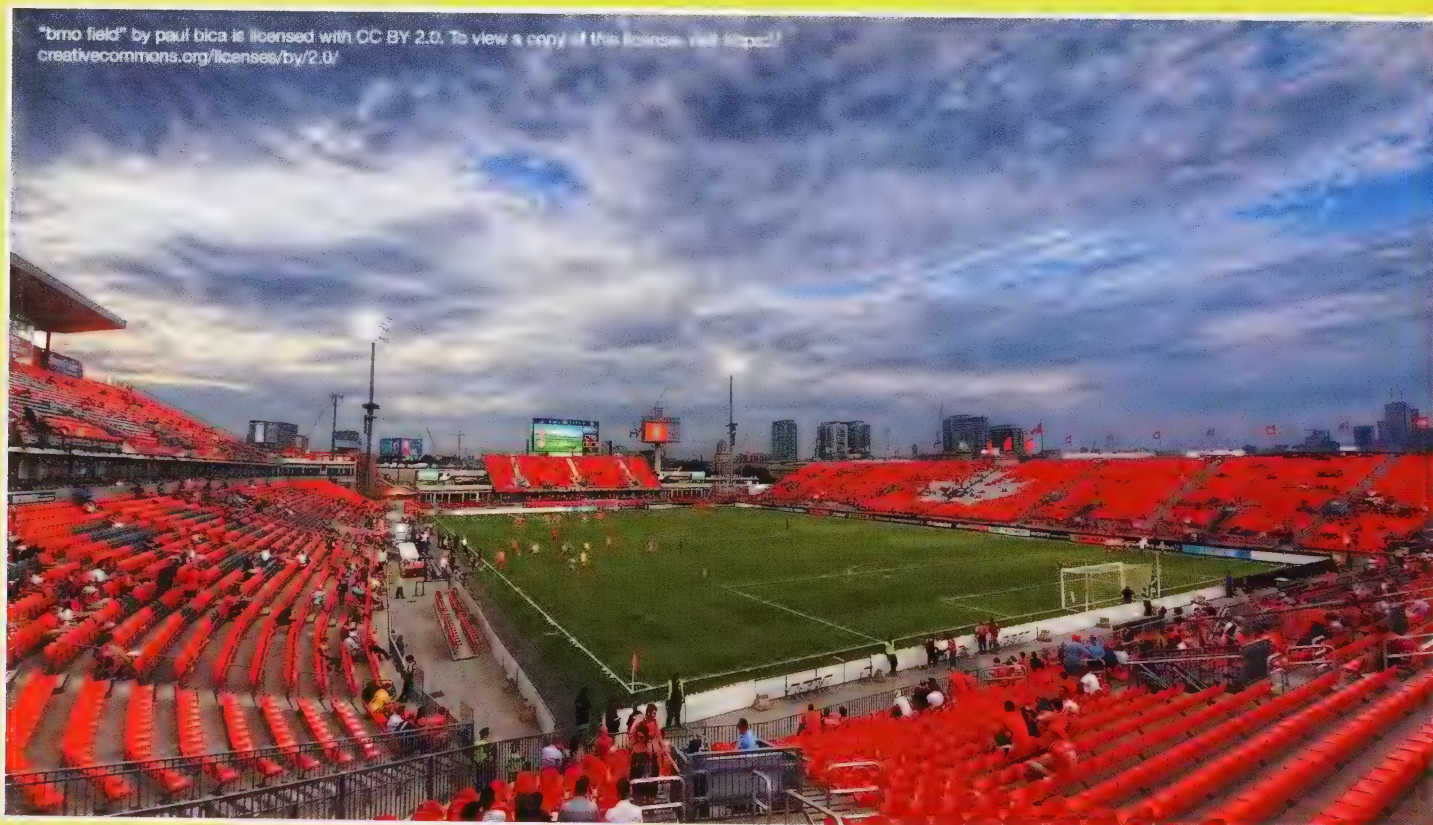
Pokemon
Parks and Recreation
The Mandalorian
Fresh Prince of Bel Air
Avatar the Last Airbender
Naruto
The Flash
The Falcon and the Winter Soldier
Modern Family
Cobra Kai
Community
Brooklyn 99
Family Guy
Attack on Titan
Ted Lasso
The Office
Superstore
The Crown
The Great Canadian Baking Show
Tiger King
CNN all of January 2021
The Queen's Gambit
Hockey



student thoughts

The first place I want to visit after the pandemic ends is....

Bahamas
 A sushi restaurant
 Japan
 Hawaii
 Mexico
 Greece
 The ROM
 RSGC
 The Arcade
 Costa Rica
 Laser Tag
 My cousin's house
 Disney Land
 Barbados
 China
 Muskoka
 Florida
 Brockville
 Nova Scotia
 Quebec
 Anywhere I don't have to wear a mask
 A swimming pool
 My grandparents' house
 Australia
 Vancouver
 A hockey arena
 England
 Winnipeg
 Italy
 Colombia
 Thailand
 A TFC game
 Palm Desert
 California
 Tokyo
 My cottage





grade 7



Max Andersen
Nathan Andrew



Max Balzer
Hayden Berkovic



George Buckley
Max Campbell



Thomas Cesario
Nicky Clinton



Austin Cruz
Julian Darou-Santos



Troy D'Cruz
Jake DiCapo



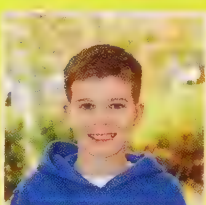
Philip Dunlap
Arlo Fost



Henry Gardner
Lucas Gold



Harry Hess
Sam Hess



Elliott Hooper
Cameron Horn



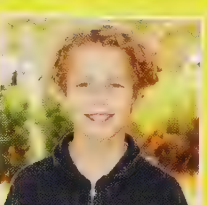
Rory Kallina
Charles Ke



Taylor Landon
Charlie Levinsky



Josh Levy
Liam Losty



Jack Lutz
Luke Mason



Thomas McLeish
Brayden Meheriuk



Oscar Metson
Quinn Mitchell



Keaton Mulcahy
Gabe Psarolis



William Rand
Navid Samim Firouz Salari



Joseph Shi
Jack Smith



Spencer Strain
Alfie Tabachnick



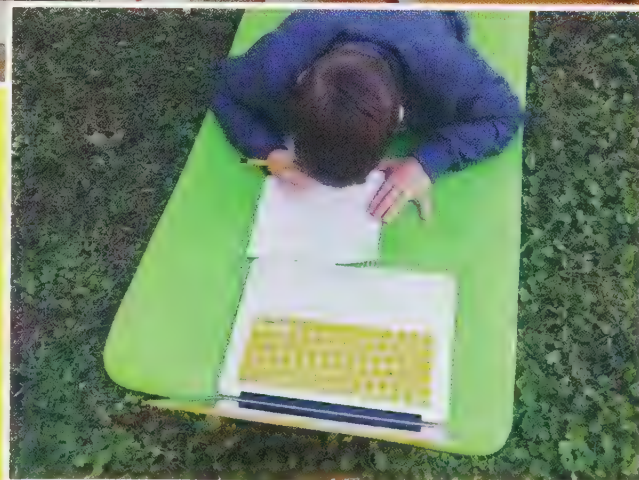
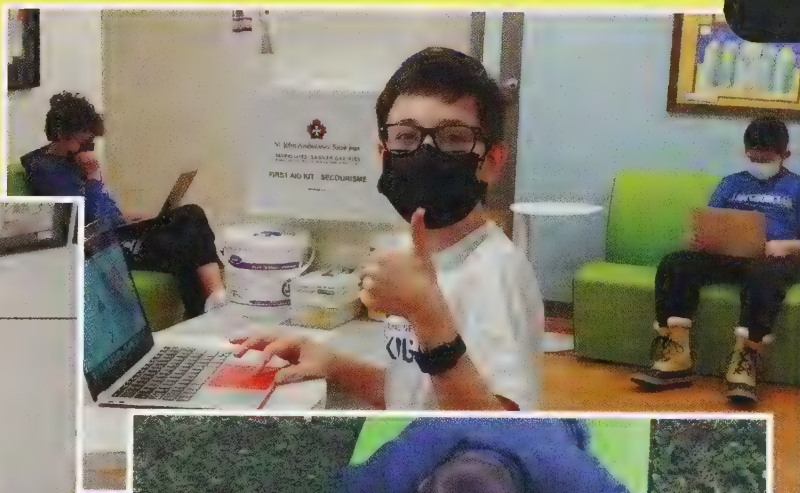
Ricky Tan
Ben Tierney



Jones Triger
Keith Wahl



Thomas Watson
Jack Wettlaufer



grade 8



Aidan Arabzadeh
Camden Arabzadeh



Anderson Arnold
Finn Beatty



Neville Bedrossian
Kaden Bhalwani



Alex Bizzarri
Turner Brock



Ian Dalrymple
Matthew DiCapo



Alexander Escoto
Adrian Festa-Bianchet



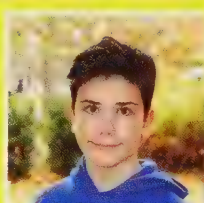
Andrew Fleet
Drayden Gibbs



Harsha Gunasegaran
Sasha Halinski



Keagan Handojo
Theo Hardie



William Herrmann
Olivier Hubbes



Ethan Iantorno
Rohan Jamal



Jett Kafka
Billy Kanellopoulos



Triyan Khare
Sushrut Lamsal



Tye Leider
Lars Lerohl



Rein Lilles
Oliver Ling



Elliott Mann Shaw
Eli Marcovici



Charlie Marshall
Matthew McCallum



Graham Meadowcraft
Charlie Moskowitz



Gabriel Nella
Ethan Pacaud



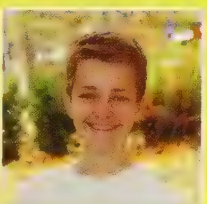
Kavi Sharda
Adam Shishler



Henry Sondheimer
Goran Staznik



James Stevenson
William Tecimer



Peter Tedford
Sebastian Thompson



Atticus Tiplady
Tom Tran



Noah Vickers
Geoffrey Woolcombe



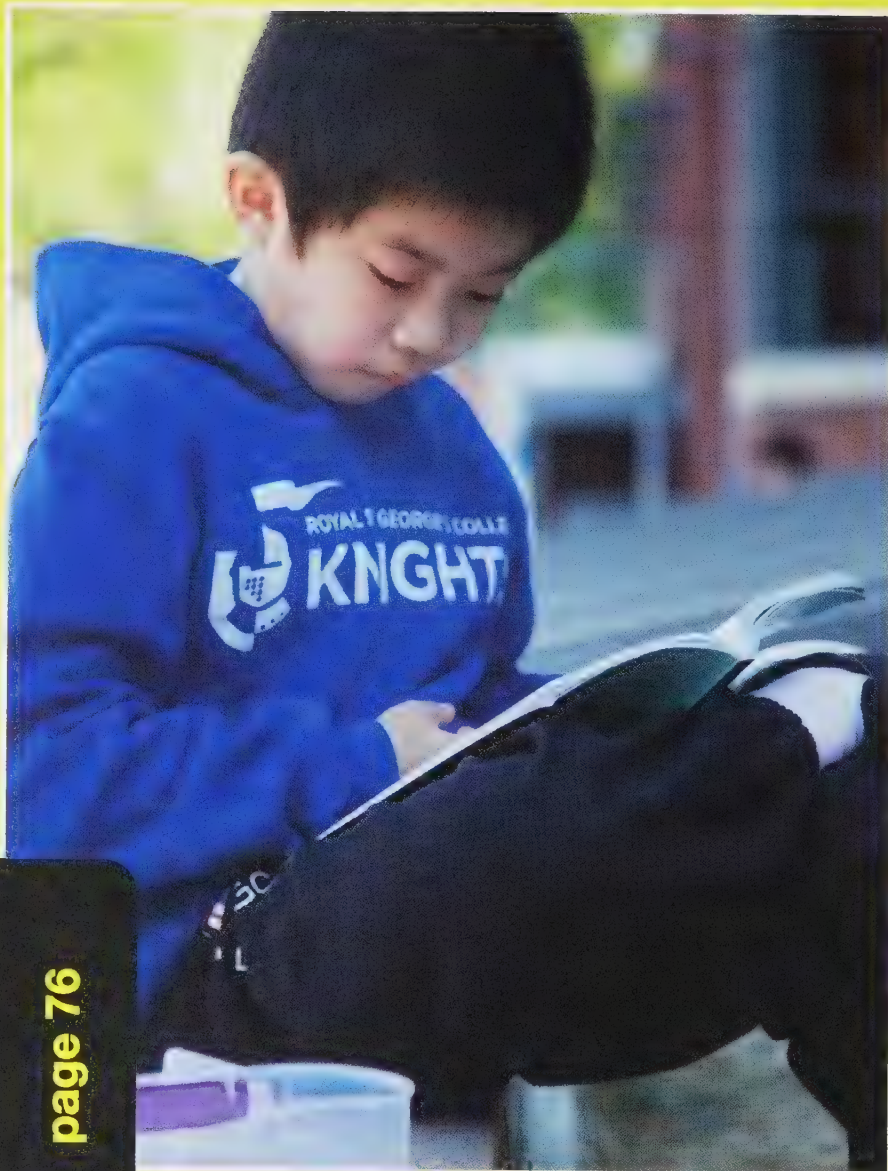
Max Zischhka











Most Borrowed School Library Books 2020-2021

Hades: Lord of the Dead, by George O'Connor
 Dog Man: For Whom the Ball Rolls, by Dav Pilkey
 Dog Man: Unleashed
 The Hunger Games by Suzanne Collins
 Ares: Bringer of War, by George O'Connor
 Athena: Green-Eyed Goddess
 Big Nate Goes Bananas, by Lincoln Pierce
 Diary of a Wimpy Kid: The Last Straw, by Jeff Kinney
 Dog Man: Fetch-22, by Dav Pilkey
 Dragon Ball Z, by Akira Toriyama
 Naruto, by Masashi Kishimoto
 One of Us is Next, by Karen McManus
 Poseidon: Earth Shaker, by George O'Connor
 Amulet: Prince of the Elves, by Kazu Kibuishi
 Saving the Sun Dragon, by Tracey West
 The Bad Guys in Intergalactic Gas, by Aaron Blabey
 Artemis: Wild Goddess of the Hunt, by George O'Connor
 Big Nate: Hug it Out, by Lincoln Pierce
 Demon Dentist, by David Walliams

page 76

Staff Favourites during 2020-2021

Stories of Your Life and Others by Ted Chiang
 Small Game Hunting at the Local Coward Gun Club by Megan Gail Coles
 The Count of Monte Cristo by Gabriel Dumont
 The Choice by Edith Eger
 A Thousand Small Sanities by Adam Gopnik
 Eleanor Oliphant is Fine by Gail Honeyman
 The Grace Year by Kim Liggett
 Becoming by Michelle Obama
 A Choice of Weapons by Gordon Parks
 A Song for the Dark Times by Ian Rankin
 Musicophilia by Oliver Sacks
 Calypso by David Sedaris
 Think Like a Monk by Jay Shetty
 Shuggie Bain by Douglas Stuart
 From the Ashes by Jesse Thistle
 We Are the Animals by Justin Torres
 The Warmth of Other Suns by Isabel Wilkerson
 The Miracle of St. Anthony by Adrian Wojnarowski



Favourite Snacks For Online Learning

Oreos	Werther's
Yougurt	Gumballs
Chocolate	Oatmeal
Apples	Protein shake
Grapes	Macaroni and cheese
Mint tea	Carrot sticks
Cookies	Beef patties
Granola bars	Instant noodles
Waffles	Poached egg on toast
Wheat crisps	Honey nut cheerios
Wagon wheels	Strawberries
Goldfish	Coffee & a brownie
Bagel	Fig bar
Cashews	Peanut butter on a rice cake
Gummies	Powerballs
Avacodo toast	Popcorn
Rice crackers	Coffee - lots of coffee (this is from teachers....)
Pistachios	
Mini pizza	
Sour cream and onion chips	

Students' Favourite Memories

Playing intense spike-ball
Spending time online with my friends
Playing football on the tarmac
Playing four square with my friends at recess
The first day of in-person school
The House Tournaments
Being in school and watching movies during lunch
Spirit Week
Playing 8 square with my friends
When we where playing basketball and I hit 3-3 point shots in a row
In school learning
Being with my friends in the school yard
When we first got basketball nets
When we played Kahoot in class and we were all screaming
All the memories in the classroom not online
Working outside on yoga mats
Accessory Day
Building circuit boards using bread boards
Soccer on the turf
Snowball fights and forts
Jersey Day
Making friends
When Carolyn Bennett and Josh Matlow came
When we were all in school having fun with everyone



grade 9



Adley Abols
Michael Abray



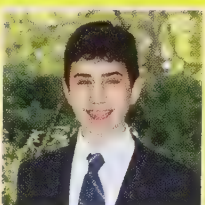
Tarek Alvi
Sam Andersen



Benjamin Anderson
William Anderson



Brevan Babbar
Max Bell



Gabriel Buchan
Daniel Cassano



Azarius Chabursky
Nathan Chavez



Kian Chen
Noah Chiarotto O'Brien



Galen Clark
Simon Coutts



Jacob Czekalla
Lucas Davenport



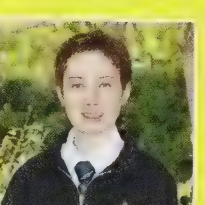
Graham Davidge
Alexander Downarowicz



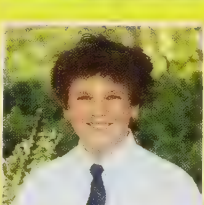
Xavier D'Souza
Spencer Eldridge



Isaac Feiner
Stephen Flannery



Will Foster
Declan Fromsen



Emmett Goodwin
William Greer



Wyatt Guy
Sam Hodgson



Jack Hulford
Vithusan Jegatheesan



Wyatt Kirby
Max Krantz



James Landry
Jonny Laurin



Nate Logan
Andrew Logush



Sydney Loppe
Ryan Lutz



Alexander MacDonald
John MacPherson



Liam McCartney
Henry McCutcheon



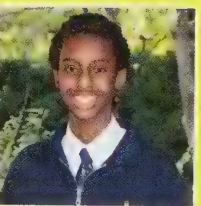
Jack McGeachie
Gavin Mitchell



Jack Mitchell
Bobby Montano



Matteo Musicco
Ammar Najarali



Sebastian Nakamachi Rozwadowski
Yonas Nicola-Lalonde



Marcus Ochrym
Owen O'Leary



Will Pearce
Ethan Pugiotto

grade 9



Callum Rand
Lucas Reed



Adrian Robertson-Caryll
Richard Sayers



Aran Scherzer
Spencer Scott



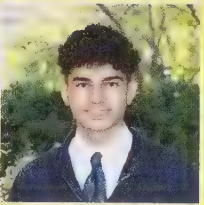
John Sharkey
Hugh Sinclair



Thomas Skippon
Alexander Sondheimer



Will Souter
David Talbot



Cole Terrelonge
Andrew Ukraine



Declan Utsal
Jerry Wang



Connor White
Asher Williams



Jack Willner
Ben Wilson



Eric Yang
Rowan Yelle



grade 10



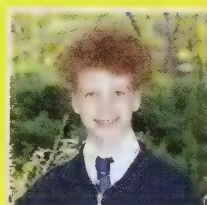
Daniel Anderson
Sebastian Appleyard



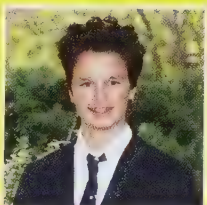
Titus Appleyard
Dougie Bell



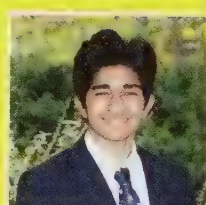
Joseph Birdsell-Farrow
Julian Borg



Lukas Bowman
Fraser Canavan



Caelen Carroll
Luke Chong



Simon Cox
Arjun Deckha



Elias Dimakos
Alex Elder



Alex Felesky
Braden Flint



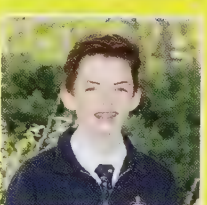
Michael Flynn
Ben Furnish



Adi Gopalakrishnan
Eric Graham



Ben Heike
William Hooper



Will Houslander
Sebastian Isaac-Gooden



Aris Kanellopoulos
William Keene



Luis Keesmaat
Freeman Jackson Kellar



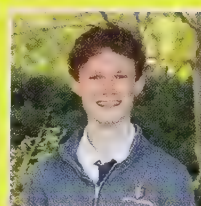
Zach Kim
Cameron Kinnear



Trace Landon
Duncan Landry



Harris Litzgus-Shaw
Ben Losty



Logan Mahaffy
Hutton Mann Shaw



Owen Massey
Zach Mazan



Noah Mazzuca
Oliver McLean



Colm McReynolds
Evan Miller



Kalan Morris-Poolman
Riley Muir



Adam New
Adam Papoushek



Chris Ploughman
Hunter Renaud



James Rogan
Andrew Samworth



Ethan Shea
Ryan Shum



Jamie Strain
Sean Sun



Joshua Tavares-Pitts
Evan Tecimer

grade 10



Angus Ternan
John Ternowetsky



Jack Ujejski
Andy van Nostrand



Wolf Virgo
Ivan Woolhouse



Tom Xie
Eric Yao



Robert Zhang

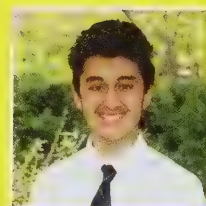




grade 11



Ash Abols
Henry Amer



Oliver Armstrong
Tejas Bawa



Jack Beatty
Adam Bhalwani



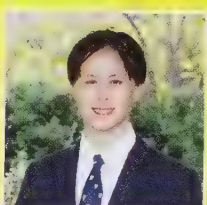
Pi Boyd
Cian Bryson



Wyatt Carling
Connor Carson



Sam Case
Liam Cassano



Zach Chabursky
Alexander Chin



Charlie Coke
Aidan Cole



James Colrairie
Greg Costigan



Ethan Czekalla
Jack Dawson



Russell Deeks
Jared Duckman



Yarema Dzulynsky
Mitch Elaschuk



Justin Eng
Callum Frazer



Andrew Friedman
Ben Galarce



Blake Garston
Sebastiano Giannelli-Viscardi



Noah Glas
Jack Goodwin



Max Greaves
Nattysub Hailemariam



Lucas Hardie
Calum Hepburn



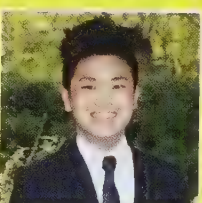
Marcus Hine
Alex Kraay



Owen Lamacraft
David Langill



Owen Lavoie
Daniel Lee



Alex Ling
Marten Ling



Charlie Lund
Aiden Magor



Charlie McClure
Harry McDonald



Julian Mojsiak
George Vajay Cserhati
Morley



David Newton
Theo Ochrym



Jack O'Keeffe
Osahon Osunde



Iain Playfair
Harry Pressman

grade 11



Toby Salamon
Fraser Schaffer



Jack Skippon
Dylan Smith



Adam Smoley
Duncan Stinson



Harry Tedford
Will Van Alstyne



Jed Van Dyke
Jack Vendittelli



Owen Vickers
Christian Visser



Patrick Walford
Nate Wilk



Alex Willis
Ryan Windover



Sean Woodbury
Andrew Woollcombe

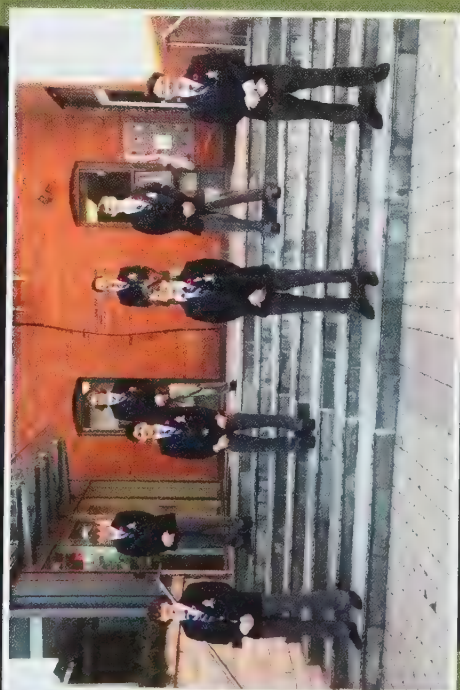


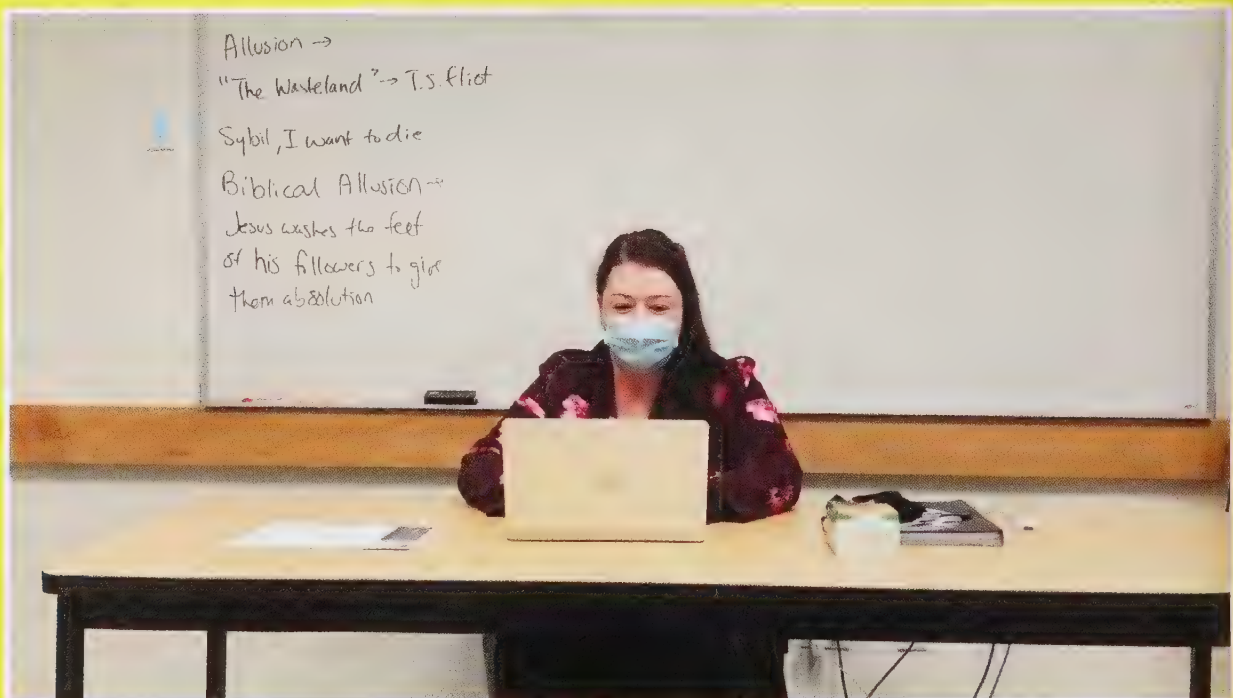
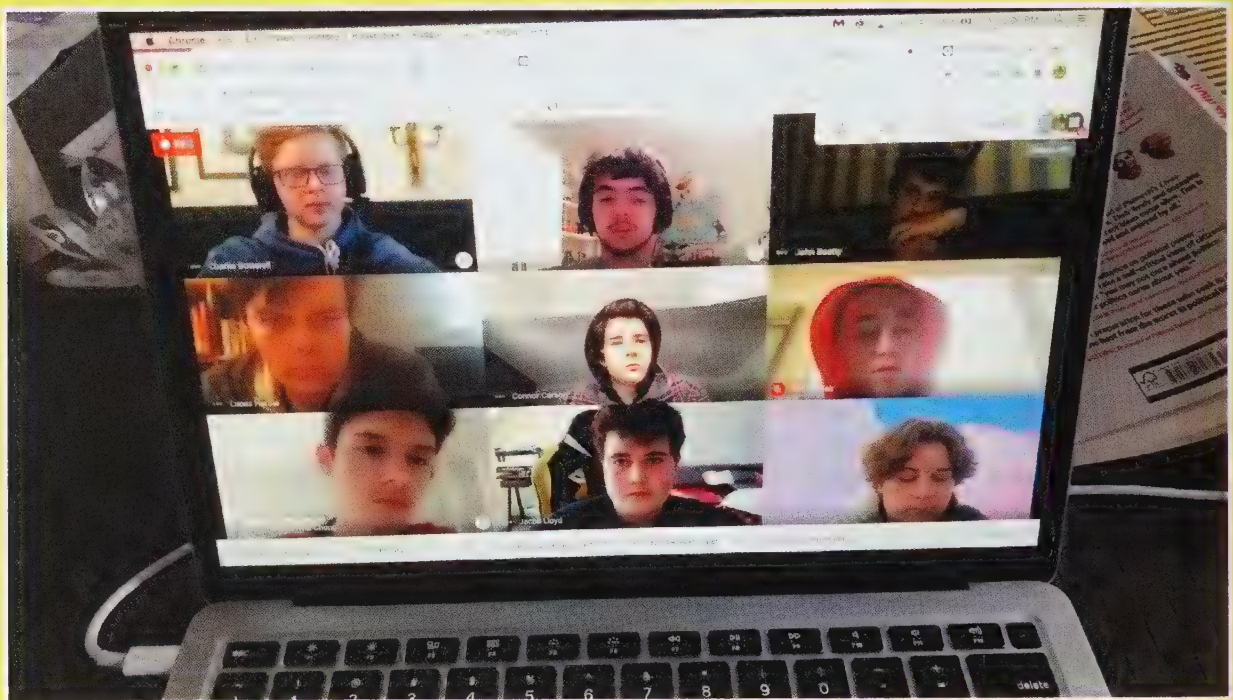
Tarquin Wrobel
Henry Young



Peter Yusishen









proficiency awards

For achievement in the 2019-2020
school year

Cohort 9A

Drama Award	Joseph Birdsell-Farrow
Civics Award	Sebastian Appleyard
Geography Award	Sebastian Appleyard
English Award	Simon Cox
French Award	Simon Cox
French Literature Award	Arjun Deckha
Physical Education Award	Dougie Bell
Headmaster's Honour Roll	Sebastian Appleyard Joseph Birdsell-Farrow Arjun Deckha

Cohort 9B

Acolyte Award (presented to the head server)	Andrew Samworth
Instrumental Music Award	Eric Yao
Great Canadian Geography Challenge	Eric Yao
Geography Award	Joshua Tavares-Pitts
Choral Music Award	Joshua Tavares-Pitts Andrew van Nostrand
Visual Art Award	Hutton Mann-Shaw
Civics Award	Hutton Mann-Shaw
French Award	Hutton Mann-Shaw
Pythagorean Award (presented to the hardest working math student)	Hutton Mann-Shaw
Media Arts Award	Kalan Morris-Poolman
Math Award	Kalan Morris-Poolman
Enriched Math Award	Tom Xie
Science Award	Tom Xie
Physical Education Award	Tom Xie
Headmaster's Honour Roll	Hutton Mann-Shaw Zach Mazan Kalan Morris-Poolman Joshua Tavares-Pitts Evan Tecimer Eric Yao Tom Xie
Headmaster's Medal (for highest overall average in grade 9)	Tom Xie

Cohort 10A

Instrumental Music Award	Cian Bryson Sam Case
French Literature Award	Sam Case
Math Award	Sam Case
Science Award	Sam Case Xander Chin
Media Arts Award	Xander Chin Lucas Hardie
Choral Music Award	Ben Galarce Max Greaves
Visual Art Award	Blake Garston
Spotlight Award for Stage Management	Marcus Hine
Best Supporting Actor Award	Charlie Coke
Career Studies Award	Yarema Dzulynsky
Software Award	Marten Ling
French Language Award	Marten Ling
Physical Education Award	Mitchell Elashuk
Judo Award	Sebastiano Giannelli-Viscardi
Headmaster's Honour Roll	Cian Bryson Sam Case Xander Chin Yarema Dzulynsky Mitchell Elashuk Justin Eng David Langill Marten Ling
Founder's Medal (for highest overall average in grade 10)	Sam Case

Cohort 10B

Drama Award	Sean Woodbury
Entrepreneurial Studies Award	Ryan Windover
Canadian History Award	Toby Salamon
English Award	Toby Salamon Osahon Osunde
Enriched Math Award	Andrew Woolcombe
Spanish Award	Theo Ochrym
Headmaster's Honour Roll	Toby Salamon Ryan Windover Andrew Woolcombe

Cohort 11A

Instrumental Music Award	Joey Lisser
Media Arts Award	Joey Lisser
Ian Bonnycastle Award for Tech Support	Joey Lisser Liam Cassano
Accounting Award	Michael Keene
AP Economics Award	Felix Brink Jacob Deegan
Business Leadership Award	Campbell Benson
AP Seminar Award	Jacob Buchan
World History Award	Jacob Buchan
English Award	Jacob Buchan
Film Studies Award	Jacob Buchan
Media Studies Award	Aaron Brady
Functions Award	Paolo Bizzarri
Enriched Functions Award	Jack De Aragon Adam McManus
Spanish Award	Mason Di Pierdomenico
French Language Award	Devin Chapple
Personal Fitness Award	Oliver Semler
Headmaster's Honour Roll	Aaron Brady Jacob Buchan Paolo Bizzarri Devin Chapple Jack De Aragon Adam Goldman Adam McManus
Chairman's Medal (for highest overall average in grade 11)	Jacob Buchan

Cohort 11B

Choral Music Award	Joseph Vretner William Tessier
Judo Award	William Tessier
Visual Art Award	Tim Mah
Software Award	Tim Mah
Media Arts Award	Isaac Tamblyn

Media Studies Award James Tavares-Pitts

Biology Award Oscar Tiplady

Physics Award Elliot Thoburn

Headmaster's Honour Roll Tim Mah
Elliot Thoburn
Oscar Tiplady

Stuart Warren Memorial Award

Presented in Memory of Stuart Warren, to a student entering his graduating Year who, throughout his time at RSGC has exemplified the qualities of Stuart through his concern, participation, accomplishment, and leadership.

Jacob Buchan

The Class of 1977 Scholarship Award

Presented in memory of David MacLennan, John "Robbie" Robinson, and Chris Anderson. The award is presented to a student who has met current RSGC academic standards, is involved in a variety of extra-curricular activities, and is judged to be well liked by his peers.

Sebastian Raman

The Andrew Drillis Award

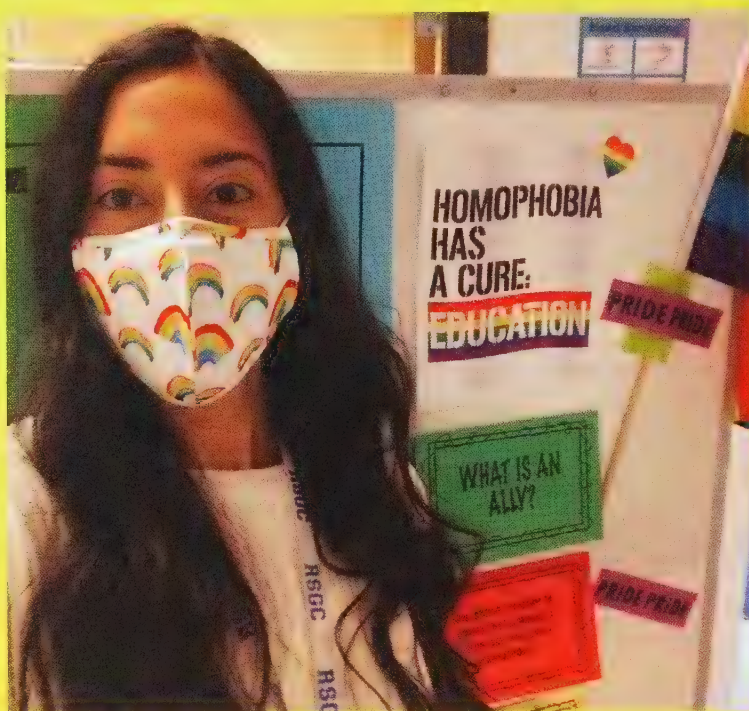
Given in memory of Andrew Drillis, who was tragically killed the summer following his Grade 12 year. The Award is presented to the student who has demonstrated great enthusiasm for the school's extra-curricular program.

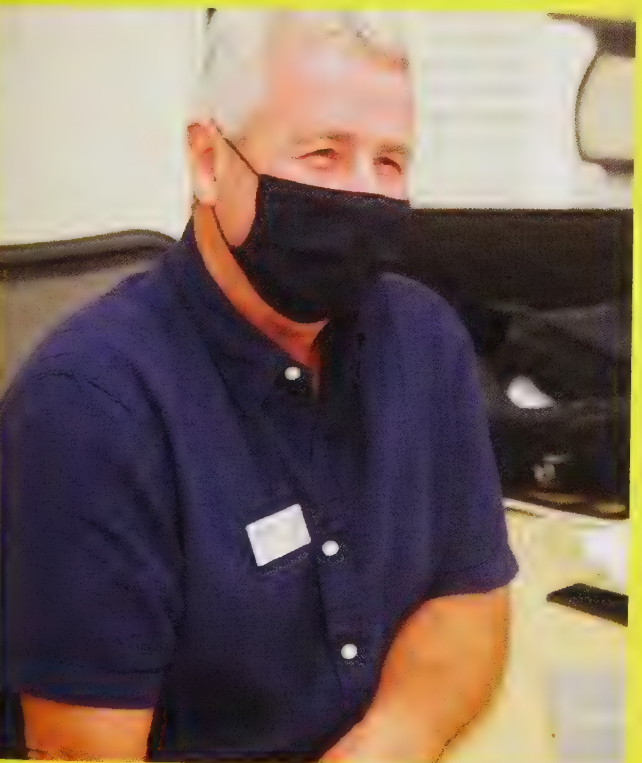
Felix Brink

The Carol Lucas Memorial Award

Awarded in Memory of Carol Lucas: A longtime parent, Guild Member, and friend of the college. The award is presented annually to a student entering their graduating year who is considered to be an exemplary ambassador of the College.

Joey Lisser







class of 2021

all purpose georgians

page 97









Seb Atkinson

My time at RSGC has been special. From coming in Grade 5 to graduating this year, so many things have happened. Thank you to Mr. Robinson, Mr. Rankin, Ms. Hart, Mr. D'Arcy, Mr. Chow, Mr. Enfield, Mr. Doerksen, and Mr. Jamieson. My time here has been memorable because of the great staff. Teachers, you will be missed. Memories like playing soccer on the turf to building projects in the DES with fellow Georgians will not be forgotten. Finally, thank you, Mom and Dad, for sending me here.



Sam Aurlick

To be honest I'm really not sure what to say. My experience at RSGC has been great. It's where I've made most of my friends, learned how to multiply, factor, forgotten how to multiply and factor. Realistically it's where I've done the most maturing in my life. Sometimes I think about what my life would be like if I hadn't come to this school. When I came in grade 7 I was unorganised, small, and dumb. I remember struggling with schoolwork before I enrolled, everytime I thought about homework a feeling of intense sadness came over me. This school has taught me how to be organised but more importantly, when to do school work and when not to do school work. It gave me role models to look up to, and ways to follow in their footsteps. I remember a gym class in grade 7, we'd just finished a beep test and I noticed the extremely loud music coming from the FTC, I walked over to the far end window and watched in awe as I witnessed a man that looked like a rhinoceros pick up and put down a bar that seemingly weighed 1000 pounds. Of course it was probably only a few hundred pounds but to me it seemed impossible. A few years later I became friends with that guy, he taught me a lot about lifting and overtime the gym became my sanctuary. When I think back to all the good memories I have at RSGC I would say 75 percent are from me and my friends picking up and putting down heavy objects in the ftc. Of course I still have plenty of good memories during classes, there are a few teachers I would especially like to thank for those. Mr. Sarellas, Mr. Seale, Dr. Leatch, Sensei Miller, Ms. Turner, Mr. Rankin, Mr. Farrar, Mr. Jamieson, Dr. Darvasi and all my other teachers, Thank you. I'd like to end it off with some wise words. "One man's garbage is another man person's ungarbage" -Ricky



Andrew Behan

A few things I'd like to say; firstly, I'd like to thank my parents for putting me through the Royal College and for all the support you gave me through the years. Secondly, I'd like to thank the teachers and staff for making the last 6 years so enjoyable. Shoutout to JDon, Mr. Mooney, and Dr. Darvasi for making this last year more bearable. Last but not least, to the boys, the gents you guys are what made the last 6 years so memorable. Not exactly the senior year I was so stoked for, but we made it work.

Here are some quotes I would like to add because they represent my time here.

In the wise words of Ferris Bueller, "Life moves fast. If you don't stop and look around every once in a while, you could miss it"

"Not doing it is certainly the best way to not getting it" - Wayne Gretzky



Campbell Benson

"Loyalty is still the same, whether it win or lose the game; true as a dial to the sun, although it be not shined upon." – Samuel Butler



Jeff Betty

My favourite memory of RSGC would easily be when during the Halifax trip we ate lobsters at that lighthouse.



Paolo Bizzarri

This school and the people in it have truly changed my life for the better, and for that, I am truly grateful. There is no sentence that could fully summarize what I've learned from you these past years, but I can try.

The happiest man in the world does not need cars, planes or yachts; he has his friends and family.

What a ride gents.



Charlie Botterell

I can't think of anything particularly witty, so I'll use this space to thank some people. I'd like to thank the teachers that made my time at RSGC great, especially Mr. Dame, Ms. Turner, Dr. Lambersky, Dr. Evans, Mr. Mooney, Madame Deblois, Ms. Ghoreshy, Mr. Hutton, Dr. Darvasi, Mr. Farrar, Dr. Leatch, and of course, Mr. Jamieson.

It's been a good time, and it's a shame it has to end.

Other than that, *insert witty comment here.*



Aaron Brady

"Sometimes she goes, sometimes she doesn't,
cause that's the way she goes"
- Ray LaFleur



Felix Brink

Life is like a grad quote. Some people think it's a joke, a lot of people copy others. Some even try and tell you how to write it. The truth is it's your grad quote, say what you wanna say. That doesn't mean it matters, or people care, but if you do say something right, or you are extra lucky, someone will remember.

So I'll say this, grade nines need to stay out of the way. Grade tens need to chill with the ego trips. Grade elevens need to figure it out. Grade twelves need to focus to leave. Shout outs to Jdonn for the good times, Stevens for the education, Beatty for the example, Big Russ for the guts, Seale and Rankin for keeping it real and Ms. Dickinson and Mr. O'Leary for morning conversation and the boys for just being. Remember, I will eat the food off your plate.



Jacob Buchan

At the start of this last, strange year of high school, I was asked about the essence of Royal St. George's College. After some thought, I decided that at its core, RSGC is three things: it's a place, it's a school, and it's a home.

And what a home it's been.

I've grown tremendously in the past six years. While I credit this school with shaping my journey through adolescence, 'this school' is just a blanket term — a stand-in for the teachers and mentors who make RSGC an extraordinary place, and who've helped me realize a version of myself of which I'm proud.

Thank you to Ms. Matera, Dr. Evans, and Dr. Lambersky, who first saw the writer in me — whose encouragement and dedication fostered my chief academic passion (and they tolerated my overuse of the em dash).

Thank you to Mr. Martin, Mr. Wade West, and Ms. Johnson, whose comments first sparked musicianship in me, and whose support has always propelled me as a player.

Thank you to Mr. Farrar, whose enlivened approach got me hooked on history. And thank you to Mr. D'Arcy: while I didn't end up an ACE, the principles of hard work, persistence, and attention to detail will always remain a part of my philosophy.

Thank you to Mr. Beatty. For your leadership, advice, and example, but even more, for your genuine investment and for your care.

Most importantly, thank you to my mum and dad. My teachers in everything. The two people I owe everything to, and always will. You've always supported me, protected me, and taught me through your examples what it means to be a good person.

To the student who reads this henceforth, this long list of gratitude should indicate just what's on offer in this community. So show up. Dig in. That's the first step — and all else follows.



Piers Cassidy

I can only begin to express my gratitude and appreciation for everything RSGC has done for me over the last six years. Whether it's for the great friends I've made, the new experiences I've had, the guidance from each of my teachers, or the significant influence it has had on the person I am today, the experience has truly been phenomenal.



Devin Chapple

Ten years, wow.

"I wish there was a way to know you're in the good old days before you've actually left them."

-Andy Bernard



Matthew Chong

I believe whatever doesn't kill you simply makes you.....stranger.



Zachary Clark

"I spin more rhymes than a Lazy Susan, and I'm innocent until my guilt is proven".

-J-Roc

Also, a special shoutout to Dr. Darvasi for putting his all into making school enjoyable for everyone around him. There were only a select few classes that I would actually look forward to and his was always one of them. I truly wish the best for him and his family in their future endeavours.



Noah Clarke

You laugh at me because I'm different, I laugh at you because you're all the same.

- Jonathan Davis



Griffin Cook

Firstly, thank you RSGC for helping me become the best version of myself. Thank you for teaching me lessons that no other school would. The RSGC community, teachers, coaches, and students have all impacted my life greatly. I am thankful to my parents for giving me the opportunity to attend this amazing school.

I want to thank my coaches. Being a part of an RSGC team was amazing and it was all because of the coaches. Sure, my teammates and fellow students are great too but, we hear about them all the time. I see myself as enthusiastic, energetic, and very competitive especially when it comes to sports. Luckily, I had the coaches that supported me in all those aspects, even though I can go a little overboard sometimes. I want to thank Mr. Donnelly, coach of the Varsity Hockey and Rugby teams, he was just as enthusiastic, energetic, and competitive as I was. Sometimes even more competitive. Days before our games or even our season he would come to talk to me about strategies, potential lineups, and how we will win the championship. There is always at least one hype man on the team, which before our games in the change rooms and on the bus would hype the team up. Mr. Donnelly was the first coach that took that role and oh boy he did it well.

In the brilliant words of Kanye West, "When I think of competition it's like I try to create against the past. I think about Michelangelo and Picasso, you know, the pyramids."



Jack De Aragon

"Don't take life too seriously, you'll never get out alive." - Elbert Hubbard

Also, I'm calling it now, Leafs in 6, 2033.

Doge to the moon.



Jacob Deegan

I had a great time at the college. Thanks to all the teachers I had over the last couple of years! We have had some awesome times boys and I wish you good luck with the rest of your lives.



Mason DiPierdomenico

What a journey. I made many friends along the way, and I pissed off a lot of people too. That's life: You can't please everyone. Remember the positive memories when you vote for me ok?



Hunter Durand

Some of my favourite memories came from RSGC. Staying till 9 pm on a Thursday night in the DES, playing on the rugby team, and Fridays at Liam's just to name a few. The people surrounding me throughout my time (staff and students) are the reason I have only amazing memories that I will carry with me throughout my whole life.

The best piece of advice I ever heard was from my grandfather:
"You can pick your friends, you can pick your nose... But you can't pick your friend's nose" - MJBA



Henry Gold

I've gone through many nicknames throughout my six years at RSGC. Of course, getting called by your siblings' first names is always a good ego booster. In fact, I've probably been called Will or Lucas more times than my actual name. Nonetheless, some of my favourites nicknames to highlight are:

"HANK" - Mr. Donnelly.

"Goldy" - Mr. Smith.

"Mr. Gold, the boy who broke my heart" - Mr. Jamieson **apologies for dropping choir**

But, the nickname that tops it all off is:

"The kid who should be wearing a burgundy blazer" - random junior school student.

Well, jokes on you random junior school student; I'm finally taller, haha. It may be cliché, but I want to give a personal shout-out to everyone who has helped me throughout my days at the college. In particular, thank you to Mr. Seale, Mr. Smith, Ms. Turner, Ms. Rowe and every single student or staff who has crossed paths with me at some point. I would love to write a personal message to each of you, but I think I already went over the word limit...

And finally, rather than an inspirational quote, I'm going to end with something useful... my Starbucks order: Venti Iced White Chocolate Mocha w/ No Whip and Light Ice



Adam Goldman

Thank you to my family, teachers, and friends who have made the last six years memorable and enjoyable. Thank you especially to Mr. Farrar, Mr. Rankin, Ms. Ghoreshy, Dr. Evans, and Mr. D'Arcy for your support and guidance. Of course, thank you to Mr. Enfield, my advisor and teacher, for the great conversations and memorable Earth and Space field trips. The past few years have been an excellent journey, and I'm grateful to everyone who made it that way. Good luck to all.



Chazz Guay

There are countless people I want to thank for my unforgettable time at RSGC. Firstly, I'd like to show gratitude to my parents for always supporting me and constantly pushing me to do better at every turn. I'd also like to thank all my teachers, all of whom have played such an important role in my life over the past years. Lastly, I'd like to give a huge shout-out to all the boys who've made RSGC such a great place, especially the Etobs lads back in the farmland. While it may be the end of our time at RSGC, I have the feeling that I have not seen the last of many of you, and for that, I am very grateful.



Ethan Holfeld

"We're going to get older, whether we like it or not, so the only question is whether we get on with our lives or desperately cling to the past."

— Ted Mosby



Thomas Jackman Kuwabara

My six years at RSGC have been full of amazing memories. I've decided to use this space to share my top three RSGC moments. Even though my favourite moments should be something like connecting with my grade on an Outdoor Ed trip or having great conversations with friends in Ketchum Hall, they are not. My third favourite moment is finishing my homework minutes before class because I ended up spending the whole night watching a Raptors game. My second favourite moment is spending a lot of time talking about Cole Haan shoes in Economics class And finally, my favourite RSGC moment is when I missed the first few days of online school in March 2020 because I was trapped in Peru.



Max Jacobs

Silent Memories



Michael Keene

Thank you to the people at RSGC who helped me shape my skills and grow as a person. I will not forget the memories I have had throughout the 10 years I spent at the school. Thank you for the grade 10 rugby team, camp, my numerous years of ski racing at the college and, of course, the choir. I will miss the FTC workouts, Bloor Street lunchtimes, skating on campus, and each of my peers. Thank you all for a good run.

In a sticky note given to me by Mr. Jamieson in class during grade 9 or 10, I leave this: "so far so..."

I think I now understand it; maybe you will too.



Jake Knight

Whoa, the past few years have been crazy. Although it pains me not to be at school in person, it only makes the time I did actually get to spend there all the more memorable.

Although it was my parents' choice for me to come here in the first place, I do not regret it whatsoever. I'd like to thank them for pushing me into a new environment where I would have to learn and adapt.

I would like to thank all the people I shared experiences with for making my time here enjoyable. I hope I did the same for you, too. I would also like to thank the amazing teachers here for an excellent yet educational experience. Shout outs to Dr. Darvasi, Mr. Kotecha and Ms. Kaye.

I will remember the good things but also never forget the not-so-good things such as home form and p3 being split by lunch. Nevertheless, through thick and thin, I would like to thank my friends who were there for me through it all. I am really gonna miss walking down to Bloor for lunch with you guys.

Gents, from the bottom of my heart, thank you.



Alex Krantz

I think it's fair to say that none of us expected the year to go the way it has. I certainly didn't. The pandemic has thrown challenge after challenge at us, making it hard sometimes to see light at the end of the tunnel. In these situations, I think taking each day as it comes is the best way forwards.

For me, this year has really been about the small daily acts of kindness and camaraderie that make you feel warm and fuzzy inside. Whenever these moments happen it just gives off the best kind of energy. I feel so lucky to have been at this school for Grade 12. Every single person in this community is so open and caring. Never before have I ended so many conversations with a smile.

Thank you Mr. Beatty for greeting me so cheerily every morning. Thank you to all the rest of the faculty, from the admin to the lunch staff, to the cleaning staff, for being super friendly. Thank you to all my teachers. This is the only school I have ever been to where teachers provide individual extra help and feedback. It is truly a privilege to have such dedicated teachers. Additionally, I would like to thank my teachers for supporting me on a personal level. Thank you for helping me integrate into school activities and for being super considerate when I was going through rough times. Special thanks to Dr. Darvasi for helping me with my university essays and Mr. Rankin for teaching me John Mayer songs on the guitar.

Finally, I just want to say a quick word of appreciation to all the boys. You guys were so welcoming and made it really easy for me to jump on board. Even when we switched around the cohorts, I was able to meet new people and feel at home right away. Looking back, I really couldn't have asked for a better community to be a part of during this difficult year. The amazing Georgian spirit is something I will never forget.

I had a really great time at RSGC and couldn't ask for a better school. Lots of great memories and friends were made along the way. Even though Covid interrupted almost half of the time I spent at RSGC I still had a great time.

Everyone wanted to know what I would do if I didn't graduate... I guess we'll never know.



Andrew Laurin



Ethan Leckie

"You can't move forward without saying goodbye to the past"



Jack Levinsky

"There's always a bigger fish." — Qui-Gon Jinn



Joey Lisser

After 10 incredible years at RSGC and over 1,200 morning layby welcomes from Ms. Kirkland and Mme. Bonetta, it's hard to believe that I am graduating from RSGC. A constant in my ever-changing life, like a home for me, I have so many memories that I will never forget because of the amazing teachers, staff, and students at the school. RSGC was a place for me to explore and try new things that has made me the person that I am today. My RSGC experience has been the best I could have ever asked for – from the first day of grade 3 with Ms. Nozuka, Grade 7 and 8 with Mr. Dame and Ms. Turner, the joy of music with Mr. Wade West, my unofficial advisor Mr. Ruscitti, grade 10 math in Mr. Stevens office, countless inspiring classes with Mr. Seale and Dr. Lambersky, and six years of Entrepreneurship club with Mr. Blanchette and Mr. Kotecha. To the many memories with lifelong friends on nights off as OE leaders, Friday morning fitness, Hidden Gems, the Knights baseball team, walks to school, derailing econ class, time as a Prefect enjoying heated debates during our weekly meetings and Sunday catch-ups while filming assembly. If only the entire world was like the college. RSGC is such a unique and amazing school and I am so proud and grateful to be a part of this community.

Great Success!



Lucas Livingston

Throughout my four years at RSGC I was made to feel welcome, encouraged to pursue my passions, and given the resources to do so. For this, I am incredibly grateful and would like to thank every one of my teachers and classmates. "There's a lot of things that turn me on in life: women, dinosaurs, and this." – Georges St. Pierre



Jacob Lloyd

"I am not a fan of books" - Kanye West

"Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be" - Some cheeky English bloke from ages ago

Thank you to everyone who helped me get to this point during the last 9 years. First and foremost I should thank my parents for supporting me through high school. Special thanks to Mr. Ghoreshy and Madame DeBlois for running the Reach for the Top league and team, thanks to Madame Lafrance for letting me lead French Club despite my sometimes subpar attendance. Thanks to Mr. Hutton for trying to get Amnesty International club off the ground despite the lack of membership. A further special thanks go to all the teachers who taught me this year who I haven't already mentioned: Ms. Dickinson, Mr. Mooney, Ms. Hart and Dr. Darvasi. A further thanks go to Dr. Lambersky for running History Bowl and Bee and for essentially teaching me how to write in AP Seminar. Final shoutout to FRB, GSA, RPC, AHAcrazy and all the friends I've made along the way.



Connor MacDonald

"Excellence is not a gift, but a skill that takes practice. We do not act 'rightly' because we are 'excellent' in fact we achieve 'excellence' by acting 'rightly.'" -Plato



Tim Mah

Never going to forget all the great memories I made here and I would like to thank all of my teachers for doing a wonderful job teaching me.

Gonna miss saying hello to Ms. Kirkland and Mr. Beatty in the morning.

Give it another year and hopefully, the world will be back to normal, fingers crossed.

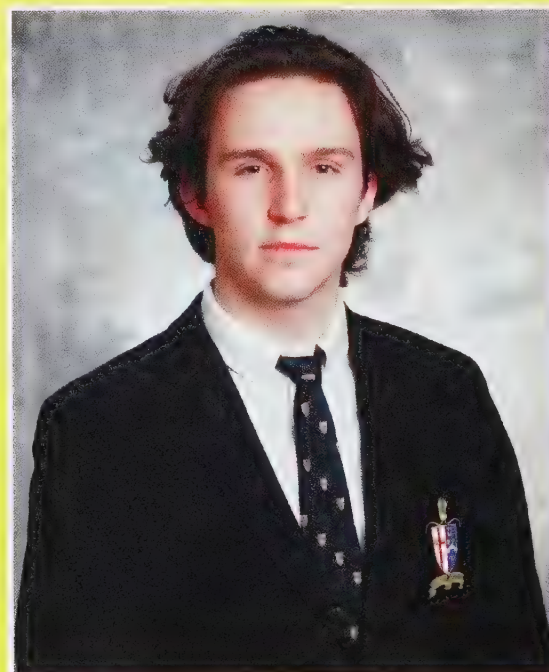
You (yes you) have helped create a welcoming and friendly environment that I have enjoyed being a part of for the last seven years, thank you.

Up to and including this sentence, read the first word :)



Luca Mancinelli

"Without my legs or my hair
Without my genes or my blood
With no name and with no type of story
Where do I live?
Tell me, where do I exist?
We're just immaterial
Immaterial boys, immaterial girls"
-SOPHIE



Max Marsland

Four years have flown by. Never have I seen a community that is so invested in each others' wellbeing. Huge thanks to all the teachers and staff members who have made me a better person. While high school has been a grind, what a trip it has been. One takeaway that I will always have from RSGC is that hard work will be rewarded.



Hamish McIntosh

"If you hear a voice within you say "you cannot paint," then by all means paint and that voice will be silenced." — Vincent Van Gogh



Ryan McKenna

Silent Memories



Adam McManus

After ten years at RSGC, from Ms. Nozuka's reading time to the grade ten choir tour, it's been quite the journey. Thank you to all the teachers who made this ride enjoyable and interesting: Dr. Evans for two great years of English, Mr. Doerksen for four great Math courses, and Mr. Chow for two and, hopefully, many more years of Physics. Thank you to my parents, who made these past ten years possible, and to my friends for making it fun all throughout.

Frank Baum said, "that no thief, however skillful, can rob one's self of knowledge and as such, it is the safest treasure to acquire." Thank you to RSGC for granting me such treasure.



Luke Ovenell

Well, it has been quite the six years at this awesome place. I would like to thank my friends (you know who you are) for making my time here the best. I remember always wanting to go to school just to see you guys. I love how this school introduced me to you all and how we have grown closer over the years. I want to thank the staircase outside of Ms. Kaye's office for holding all of our cries, laughs and everything in between. I want to thank my teachers for always being the nicest people; I never felt a burden to go to class because of you guys.

Looking back on who I was when I first started at RSGC, it is hard to believe that was me. There is a big difference between 12 and 17. If I could tell him something, I would tell him to not worry about school. That is the smallest part of this school. The biggest part is the connections and people I would meet. I never felt uncomfortable being myself around my classmates. Looking at my journey to who I am today, during all the bumps I came to this school to feel better. Nowhere has ever made me feel like that.

Thank you to everyone. Even if you don't know who I am or if you hate my guts, you were still part of my journey in this place. It's time to go on to further places now, but I will never forget this place. Finally, I would like to thank myself, my biggest fear and biggest inspiration, thank you for always staying positive in hard times. I'll end with this: in the wise words of Taylor Swift, "good memories can leave even more of a scar on your heart than the bad times".

Silent Memories



Frisco Petrela-Sobotik

Silent Memories



Trevor Phillips



Sebastian Raman

RSGC has provided me with countless opportunities, great friends, and lifelong memories. It's crazy to think that I've been at this school for 6 years when my first day of grade 7 feels like it was just a week ago. As I graduate, if there is one thing I know for certain, it is that years from now when I think back to my time here, I will remember it as one of the greatest weeks of my life.



Jacob Reil

Personally it's been a wild and unpredictable four years.

Even though Covid has screwed us over we still managed to make the best of it

Now, I would like to thank Mr. Darvasi for making me love English class and his crazy rants about so many topics.

I'm going to miss the retail runs, snowboard team and of course Paladins Club 2021

Sadly it has all come to an end but at least I won the grade 9 Geography Challenge



Liam Robertson-Caryll

RSGC has facilitated so many great stories, memories, and experiences, whether they know it or not.

Thank you to my family for giving me this incredible opportunity. I will always be grateful for it.

"And that's the American dream"
(Wootton-Smith, 2018).



Ben Rorabeck

It's been fun RSGC. But first, some thank yous. Thank you to my parents for spending your hard-earned money on me to go to a school like this. Secondly, a huge thank you to all my teachers, both past and present – you have all shown me the importance and the power that learning can have. And to all the boys. It's been awesome being able to hang out with all of you over the last six years, and you have made this school as fun as it is. Also, shoutout to COVID for giving us a truly memorable year.

"Life has no remote, get up and change the damn channel yourself"



Oliver Semler

My time at Royal St. George's College is soon coming to an end. From treating the run to retail as if my life depended on it in Grade 9, to sitting at my desk for what feels like an eternity during online school, my high school experience has certainly been very unique compared to some previous years. I'd like to thank Mr. Ruscitti for being a great advisor, as well as my parents for giving me the opportunity to go here. And although coming up with this grad quote may have been almost as difficult as paying attention during a fourth-period online class on a Friday, I am truly grateful to all of my teachers and classmates for making these past four years something to remember.



Jackson Shibley

It has been an amazing four years. There are just a couple of things that I would like to say.

I would like to thank all the teachers and members of the school who guided me through these last 4 years. I would like to give a shout-out to Mr. D'Arcy, who helped mould me into the man I am today.

To all my friends; you have made the last 4 years the best of my life. The naive, young, Grade 9 Jackson wouldn't even recognize me today. Thank you for all the little moments, the hours in the blackbox, lunches in Ketchum, sessions in the DES, and laughs all around. The future is bright for all of you.

Until we meet again, I leave you with one of my famous quotes:

"Mercy Mister Mercy"
~Jackson Shibley (2017)



Ben Strain

Don't get me wrong, my time at RSGC was unforgettable. It really is an amazing school. However, I just can't help but remark that the whole place smelled a bit like updog...

Special thanks to Mr. Seale, Dr. Darvasi, Mr. Rankin and FRB for so many classic moments.



Isaac Tamblyn

I definitely think RSGC was the environment that formed who I am today. Thinking back on myself before I came here, and even before grade 10, I was so different from who I am now it's kind of scary. I really found a place where I could thrive, especially in the Senior School, so I'm grateful to my parents for giving me that opportunity to grow here at RSGC.

My only wish is for the unofficial Stairs Club to live on. Though many of its members will be moving on, and through Covid times we weren't able to gather at those stairs anymore, I hope that our legacy of being way too loud outside Ms. Kaye's office will live on. We are forever her step-children.



James Tavares-Pitts



Colin Taylor

I would like to first thank my mom and dad for supporting me and sending me to RSGC for the past 10 years. I would like to thank all the incredible teachers from over the years who helped me learn and become a better version of myself. And finally, thank you to all of my friends from the past ten years with who I have made such incredible memories.



George Tedford

"I truly believe that every single person has to go through something that destroys them so they can figure out who they really are." I'd like to thank my parents, friends, peers and teachers for the unforgettable memories.

Life moves pretty fast. If you don't stop and look around once in a while, you could miss it.



William Tessier

"The wise person is the unceasing water that flows, never ceasing to learn" - Hwang Jung-Woo



Elliot Thoburn

After five years at RSGC, I will miss this place. What the school has lacked in facilities, it has more than made up with extracurriculars... Some of my favourite memories are 8A, shinny in phys ed, the Halifax trip, ping pong club, giving Luke Tao a standing ovation every week, pit stops at McDonald's for away games, sprinting to retail, building quinzees, Killarney, and lunchtime basketball games. Anyways, I'd like to thank my friends and teachers for helping me look forward to class each day, my coaches for keeping things fun and competitive – especially my hockey coaches for securing us hot dogs – and my parents for sending me here!

"It is sometimes easier to make the world a better place than to prove you have made the world a better place" - Amos Tversky

Toronto Maple Leafs, 2037 Stanley Cup Champions



Logan Thompson

Alright, so I have been at RSGC since Grade 7, and I think it was the best choice I could have made. Thanks to all the teachers, students and my parents that have made it possible for me to hopefully graduate. Special thanks to Mr. Seale for the swim team and amazing media classes, Mr. Kotecha for the great business studies, and Dr. Darvasi for his insightful lectures. I look forward for what's next on the schedule, see you soon.



Oscar Tiplady

"How Did We Get Here?" - Minecraft

I've spent a lot of time at RSGC; I've been here since Grade 3 after all. It's definitely strange leaving to be honest. That being said, I'd like to thank some teachers for the experiences and memories they have given me.

To Ms. Nozuka, thank you for being my first teacher at RSGC, you really made me love Grade 3. To Ms. Matera, thank you for always being there after school to help me with my work. To Mr. Seale, thank you for teaching me about Media Arts and encouraging me to learn new art programs. To Ms. Kaye, thank you for listening to me and hosting the unofficial stairwell club. To Mr. Enfield, thank you for being my advisor all these years. To Dr. Darvasi, thank you for always making English class interesting with your tangents. To Mr. Rankin, thank you for allowing me to set up the Minecraft server and always making Chemistry easy to understand. To Ms. Girvan, thank you for teaching me about Biology and forever making me afraid of fungus. To Ms. Carter-Webb and Mr. Hutton, thank you for making the library one of the best places in the school. To Mr. Wade West, Ms. Johnson, and Mr. Martin, thank you for teaching me all about music through my entire RSGC experience. While I would love to acknowledge every staff here personally, I unfortunately don't have room; to everyone though, thank you for everything, genuinely.

And finally, for those who are wondering, no, I will not stop asking questions.



Matthew Tkachuk

It hasn't been quite the grade 12 year I imagined it would be four years ago. But to anything, there is a silver lining. That silver lining is realizing how great my first two and a half years at Royal St. George's College were. Being on lockdown and doing online school made me think back to all the great times and the not-so-great times I have experienced over the last four years. From having an undefeated season and winning the championship in basketball to sleeping in a dollar store igloo in negative 20-degree weather. These mostly good times were made possible by the amazing teachers at RSGC. I believe that I am a better person now than I was coming into the college because of these teachers. My teachers over my four-year career at RSGC have cared, fueled interests, and helped me push myself further and further. But now those great memories and teachers are being left behind as this chapter of my life is coming to a bittersweet close but not without bringing what they taught me with me. As I rush to finish this before the deadline, I think of what was, what could've been, what will be and most importantly what is. I could sit here and be sad I didn't get a normal graduating year, I could be sad there won't be an ultimate frisbee season this year, instead, I am happy for what did happen. I think the dude sums it is all up the best

"I can't be worrying about that stuff. Life goes on, man." - The Dude



Max Valihora

Re-Rex



Max Van Duynhoven

This year hasn't been the one that we all expected, it was hard. Though it was a tough year RSGC made it a whole lot better. Whether it was in person or online, having class was the only thing that kept me from going insane. Over my time at the college, I have made relationships with my fellow students and teachers that will last a lifetime. When I applied to RSGC I had a lot of doubts, but the more that I became integrated into the RSGC community, the more those doubts fluttered away and I knew I was where I was supposed to be. I joined classes that I never thought I would join and exceeded in places that I thought I had no right being. I know it may be a little bit cliché but my time at the school has made me proud to be a Georgian. This year I was able to watch every single Marvel movie in chronological order in just a few weeks. It wasn't easy but neither was high school, but I'm still not convinced which one was more satisfying. I'm ending my write-up with a quote that represents my time at the college to a tee.

"Drop your socks and grab your crocs. We're about to get wet on this ride."
Tony Stark (Iron Man 2)



Henry Vendittelli

To start, I want to thank my parents, who talked me out of going to St. Michael's and made me consider "other schools". Them doing that was probably one of the things I am most thankful for in my lifetime.

Wow. Six total years were spent at this school, and I have not regretted a single minute of it.

These years have been without a doubt the best years of my life. I have grown and learned so much over this time, and have gained some experiences I will never forget.

Georgians crashing at my house after school every day and playing Xbox, playing shinny with button-downs and ties, the creation of AntiSwear and FRB, and now soon graduation, I will never forget these moments of my life and I will cherish them deeply.

RSGC is like a second home to me, and it pains me greatly that I need to part ways from it. But I know that the spirit of it will always live on inside me. I am Georgian.



Joseph Vretenar

"Science isn't about why! It's about why not"



Josh Wheler

Although this may not be a specific memory, my favourite part about my six years spent at RSGC is the community of the school. The teachers always had time to go out of their way to offer their help when I was struggling with curriculums, the older students were always people who I could look up to, the learning center could always make time to help me out when I needed school advice or a quiet place to work, and the small classes helped me stay engaged and participating with the courses.

Possibly the most impactful memory that I have from the school took place in the FTC. One day my brother suggested that I should start working out and at first, I was skeptical but eventually agreed to the idea. When I walked into the FTC for the first time, the first thing that I saw was Peter Kirby finishing and racking a bench PR, standing up and screaming while 5 other guys congratulated him by slapping his back and shaking him until he almost fell over. At the time, being a scrawny, muscleless grade 9 student, I was pretty self-conscious about my body and I'll admit a little bit intimidated. But when the caffeine-fueled grade 11s saw me standing in the door, they quickly settled down and one of the boys, Matias, who I didn't even know at the time, walked up to me and asked me what I was working out that day. Me, having no clue what I was doing, answered "upper body". He laughed and explained to me that you can't hit your entire upper body in one day. He then walked me through the FTC and showed me how to get in a good chest day. The kindness of the boys that day gave me the confidence to start going to FTC almost daily and that tiny gym that used to terrify me quickly became my favourite place in the school.

St. George's didn't feel like a school to me but felt more like a family. The students were like my brothers and the teachers were more like friends than teachers. Although we're not known to be the best at sports, have the biggest campus, or anywhere close to having the nicest gyms, I still consider attending this school to be the best decision I've made in my life. Thanks for all the great memories throughout the years, St. George's.



Lee Williams

It has been quite a good 4 years. I'll keep this short.

I would like to thank my mother and my father for supporting me through thick and thin.

I would also like to thank all of my teachers and other members of the community, who made my RSGC experience delightful. I also like to give a quick shout out to Mr. Donnelly, Mr. Mooney, Mr. Farrar, Mr. Seale, Ms. Dickinson, Mr. Hutton, Dr. Darvasi and Dr. Lambersky.

Now to the gents. FRB is pretty cool. To NS for knowing a video all the way back in grade 9 camp. To the gents in the lounge in grade 9. Also, to the boys that went snowshoeing with me. To Antiswear and the other co-founders. To that dude who looks like logic. To the members of the chess club. To Vinyl club, gamers union and especially MV's rap club.

Now for some inspirational words: "among us"



Nick Wootton-Smith

Bacon frying and the sparrows chirping Rick, it's all about the bacon and the sparrows, buddy.

-Ray LaFleur





graduating awards

Presented June 17 and July 7,
2021

The Wynn Butterworth Award

Donated by Mr. & Mrs.
Eric Butterworth, parents
of Wynn, first Head
Prefect of St. George's
College.

Jacob Buchan

The award is presented
annually to the Head
Prefect in gratitude for his
exemplary service and
leadership to the RSGC
community.

The Marion McDowell Trophy

Named in honour of
Marion McDowell,
founding member and first
president of the Ladies
Guild of St. George's
College.

Devin Chapple

The award is presented
to the graduating student
who has demonstrated
the greatest all
round contribution in
scholarship, deportment
and sports.

The Guild Trophy

Donated by the
Georgian Parents' Guild
and presented to the
graduating student who is
outstanding in character,
games, and scholarship.

Ethan Holfeld

The Georgian Spirit Award

Presented in memory
of Ian Lomax, former
student, who passed away
in 1977, to recognize and
foster within the student
body those qualities such
as concern, participation,
accomplishment, pride
and leadership that are all
part of the Georgian spirit.

Max Van Duynhoven

The Von Teichman Award

Presented to the
graduating student who,
throughout his career
at RSGC, has achieved
substantial academic
improvement while
exemplifying the Georgian
spirit through leadership,
participation and civility.

Michael Keene

The Barry Pepper Memorial Award

Named in memory of
Barry, a parent, long time
Board member and ardent
supporter of the school.

Sebastian Raman

The award is given to a
member of the graduating
class to support his
educational ambitions.
The recipient will excel
academically, and through
his achievements,
enhance the reputation of
the College.

The Lucas Peel Award

Donated by the Peel
family to honour the
memory of their son,
Lucas B. Peel, a model
Georgian, and alumnus of
the Class of 2007

Joey Lisser

The award is presented
annually to a member of
the graduating class who
has, as a mentor, coach,
role model and friend,
shone in his commitment
to share Georgian values
with younger students.

The Chair's Medal

Presented to the
graduating student
who excels in integrity,
dependability,
resourcefulness and
initiative.

Joey Lisser

The Governor-General's Academic Medal

The Governor General's Academic Medal was first awarded in 1873 by the Earl of Dufferin, Canada's third Governor General after Confederation.

Jacob Buchan

Since then, it has become one of the most prestigious academic awards that a student in a Canadian educational institution can receive.

The medal is awarded to the student who achieves the highest academic average upon graduation from their secondary school. The average includes all grade 11 and grade 12 courses.

The J.L. Wright Medal

Awarded to the graduating student who best exemplifies the motto: *Manners Maketh Men.*

Jacob Buchan

The award was donated to St. George's College in 1978 in tribute to our Headmaster Emeritus. Dr. Jack Wright.

House Awards

Gold chevrons are presented to students who accumulate over 2200 house points.

Sebastian Raman

Gold pins are presented to students who accumulate over 2750 House points.

Jacob Buchan
Elliot Thoburn

RSGC Ball Hockey Recognition

For serving as commissioners of the RSGC Ball Hockey League during their time at the Royal College, and the energy and dedication required to organize and uphold the standards of a historic league such as the RSGCBHL.

Seb Atkinson
Jacob Reil
Ben Rorabeck
Ben Strain

Entrepreneurship Club Recognition

For seven years of participation

Joey Lisser

Duke of Edinburgh's Award Pins

Recipients of their Bronze Pin must complete a minimum of 15 hours of community service, 30 hours of athletics, and plan and participate in a 2-day expedition.

Jacob Buchan
Max Marsland
Elliot Thoburn
Oscar Tiplady

St. Alban's Community Service Bursary

Awarded to a graduating student who has made an outstanding contribution to Community Service.

Tim Mah

Volunteered with The Sanctuary, The Children's Aid Society, The Yonge Street Mission, The Abrigo Community Center and has been a dedicated volunteer with the Friday Food Ministries meal program.

Oscar Tiplady

Volunteered with Epilepsy Toronto, Kensington Gardens Seniors Home, Dixon Hall Meals on Wheels, The Good Shepherd, Friday Food Ministries, Mayfair, Right to Play and First Book Canada's Reading Buddies.

Lieutenant Governor's Community Volunteer Award

This award honours students who not only complete the minimum number of 40 hours of community service required to graduate, but also who go above and beyond

Luke Ovenell

Volunteered with the Friday Food Ministries meal program, our Right to Play student leaders program, the St. Felix Centre, the Christie Refugee Welcome Centre, Habitat for Humanity building homes in North Macedonia and Samaritan's Purse Canada

graduating awards

Presented June 17 and July 7,
2021

T-Bu Grieve Art Award	Henry Gold Tim Mah	AP English Award	Jacob Buchan
Media Arts Award	Isaac Tamblyn	Canadian and International Politics Award	Jacob Lloyd
The Richard Holdsworth Senior Drama Award	Jackson Shibley	World History Award	Lucas Livingston
The Ian Bonnycastle Award for Technical Support	Joey Lisser	Philosophy Award	Jacob Deegan
The Senior Instrumental Music Award	Joey Lisser	AP Capstone Award	Jacob Buchan
Senior Choral Music Award	James Tavares-Pitts Joseph Vretenar	Humanitas Award Presented to the graduating student who has achieved remarkable success across the Canadian and World Studies curriculum. The recipient is curious, scholarly, and takes intellectual pleasure in ideas. He is a fine researcher, and is committed to learning for learning's sake in the classroom and beyond.	Charlie Botterell
The J.L. Bradley Award Presented to the graduating student who has made the greatest contribution to the RSGC music program Recipients usually come from the choral and instrumental music programs.	Jacob Buchan <i>instrumental</i> William Tessier <i>choral</i>	Advanced Functions Award	Tim Mah
AP Economics Award	Piers Cassidy	Calculus and Vectors Award	Piers Cassidy
Economics Award	Jake Knight	AP Statistics Award	Devin Chapple
International Business Award	Jacob Deegan	AP Advanced Functions and Calculus Award	Alex Krantz
Computer Science Award	Tim Mah	Jock Armitage Senior Mathematics Award	Elliot Thoburn
John Kerr English Award	Tim Mah		
Studies in Literature Award	Aaron Brady James Tavares-Pitts		

AP French Language Award

Jacob Lloyd

Spanish Award

Mason DiPierdomenico

Introduction to Kinesiology Award

Ethan Holfeld

Biology Award

Oscar Tiplady

Chemistry Award

Elliot Thoburn

The Peter Corley Physics Award

The award is donated by the Corley Family, in loving memory of their son, Peter Corley, Alumnus of the Class of 1976.

The award is presented annually to a member of the graduating class who has demonstrated determination, creativity and a profound aptitude for physics.

Elliot Thoburn

The Wheeler Cup

Presented annually to the graduating student who has excelled in the Sciences.

Elliot Thoburn



lifers



Devin Chapple



Adam McManus



Michael Keene



Colin Taylor



Joey Lisser



George Tedford

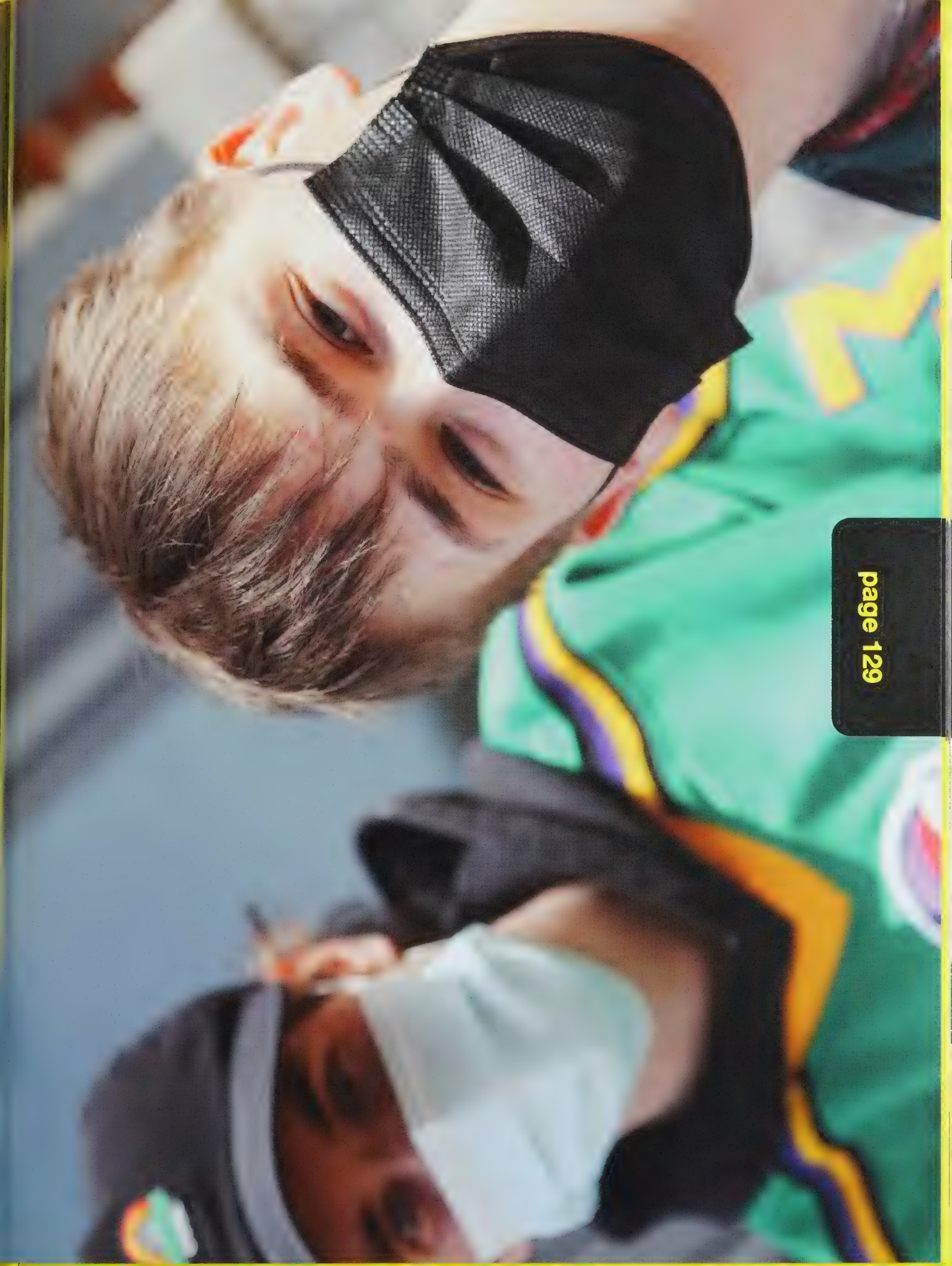


Jacob Lloyd



Oscar Tiplady





prefects



Paolo Bizzarri



Felix Brink



Jacob Buchan



Devin Chapple

page 130



Mason DiPierdomenico



Hunter Durand



Michael Keene



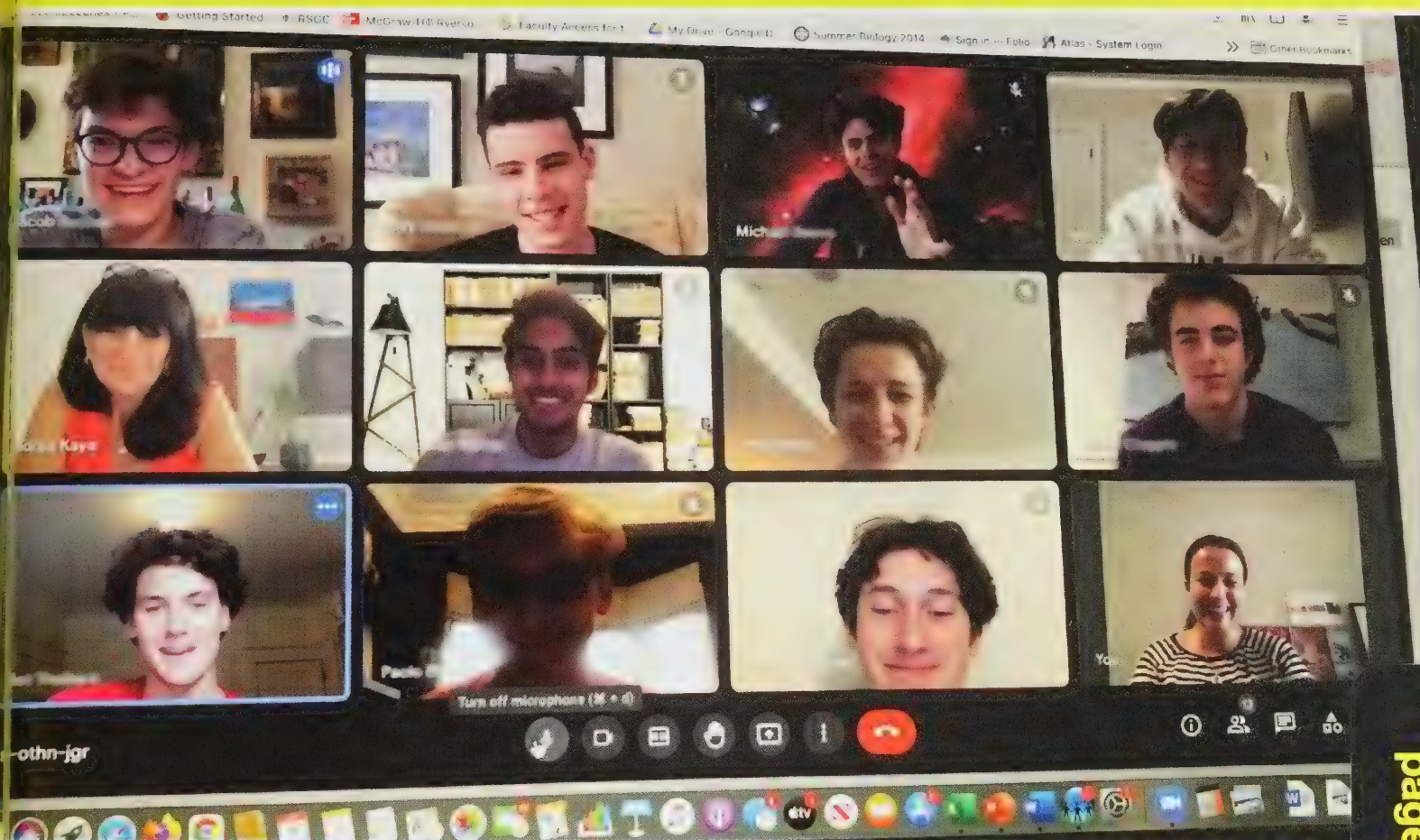
Joey Lisser



Sebastian Raman



Elliot Thornburn



page 131



head prefect's graduation address

Hugs and handshakes.

These two things — these two natural acts of human closeness — are but two of many things we've lost. It's been a hard year.

And it's been a strange year. Valedictory speeches often note how, four years ago at the start of our high school journey, none of us could have imagined where we would be and who we would be today. That sentiment has never been truer than it is now.

I won't recount much of our time together. Though reminiscing would be appropriate (from Outdoor ed trips in snow-insulated Quinzees to our last days on a regular campus in grade eleven) this year, with what was lost and what abides, has been the most formative, and so it is to the past 15 months I'll dedicate this speech.

I'll say now that you needn't worry — this speech will not be all doom and gloom. I believe that we've braved these taxing times and have risen to an unexpected occasion. But before we take the big-picture perspective and leave our lamentations aside, it is important to recognize specifically what Covid has taken from the class of 2021:

We never went to BC. We never hiked through the mountains on Vancouver Island, never sat around a campfire and shared our experiences at the school, and, if the legends are true, never heard Mr. Chow's acapella rendition of "Shallows" by Lady Gaga, which I'm sure would have been a delight. We never got to sit with Mr. Beatty and reflect on who taught us how to be Georgian.

We never had a prom. Never got dressed up and took photos with our parents and dates down at the Palais Royale. Right now, we're not having a regular graduation ceremony. We're not in the chapel. We won't be standing shoulder to shoulder, belting out our last "Great St. George."

Trips and dances and graduations are privileges — it can feel awkward and even shameful to regret the loss of these ceremonies when Covid has laid waste to the world. But they were our ceremonies. They were important to us, and it's okay to mourn their passing.

We didn't walk the hallways with the normal sense of early-onset nostalgia. We took class from our bedrooms and dining room tables for most of the year, and when we were on campus, we were



separated from half of our grade, not to mention the rest of the school. We didn't have the choir service at St. James's Cathedral. We didn't have a single Evensong. We didn't have any concerts or any sports (and this year, as they say, we were due).

We didn't have our proper connections and laughs, our gatherings and goodbyes.

Despite this dispiriting, and frankly heartbreaking list, it's important to remember one vital thing: we're still here. We've made it through 15 months of tumult and uncertainty. We've been resilient. We are all graduating today, and we all have plans for the future.

Not only have we weathered more than a year of Covid, we've grown from it — we've triumphed in trying times. We've become independent, self-reliant, and asynchronous with our schedules. We've kept our comments cogent and concise amidst the clamour of a video call. We've connected socially and emotionally through a screen or by phone. Ours is a legacy not just of loss and languish but of adaptation and achievement.

Because, the pragmatics of virtual life have taught us all to become listeners — a skill sometimes underestimated, but more urgent than we know. Our culture is learning how to actively listen right now: ours is a world of affinity groups and allyship, and a time of consideration and reconciliation. Engagement has never been more important. A year in virtual limbo, for all its deprivations, has taught us exactly this — how to listen. How to be present when it's not your turn to speak, how to remain focused when household distractions abound, and how to participate even while on mute. Our strange, unexpected year has made us active listeners, and while we all have room to grow and learn, we have attended with nuance and

courtesy.

Of course we have not done this alone. We owe our gratitude to the many people who've seen us through this year.

If anyone has risen to the occasion of virtual learning, it has been our teachers. They have re-worked, redesigned, and revolutionized their courses in the face of ever-changing circumstances. They sacrificed their time providing us with video lessons and weekend review sessions. They have made themselves available, received and implemented feedback with grace, and have led us with unwavering dedication through a year of change and challenge. And beyond academics, our teachers have cared for us. They've checked in. They've concerned themselves with our wellbeing — whether it was a casual “how are you all?” to start a cycle, a slice of class taken to hear about our lives beyond the screen, or a quiet note made of a video camera uncharacteristically turned off. Our teachers have been the deciding factor in our experience as students and as people, both with Covid and without it. Thank you.

Behind the intricate planning of hybrid school schedules, virtual learning transitions, and endless restriction contingency plans was our school administration. Mr. Beatty, Mr. Ruscitti, and Mr. O'Leary have worked tirelessly to provide us the richest school experience they could — and their work has not gone unnoticed. They've considered every angle, planned for every possibility, and dealt with unenviable logistics. I recognize that they too didn't work alone. They're bolstered by a whole team of faculty and staff at the school. We are privileged to have had this genuine dedication to our year and our experience.

We need to extend special thanks to all the staff who made this graduation happen. Because they listened to us and understood how much we needed to be together as a class, we are not sitting at home, watching a virtual ceremony. We're here. We're together. That's only because our faculty extended their school year to mid-summer — a personal expense after such a fraught time. Thank you for giving us tonight.

None of us would be at this graduation were it not for our parents. They've raised us, taught us, protected and guided us on our journey from childhood to adulthood. They are the harbour we will always be safe to return to, even as we embark on our own journeys elsewhere.

To our parents, I'll say that, while lockdown life adds a bit of friction from time to time, none of us forget for a moment that we are the boys now proud to call ourselves young men because of your patience and your love.

We also owe our gratitude to one another. This has been an adverse year, and though social life has been curtailed by the pandemic, this group has stayed strong. We've checked in with one another. Organized zoom calls and group chats. We've provided each other with the social support we needed to get through this year, the way honorary brothers should. Our fraternity is worth recognizing, and it is one of the strengths and saving graces of a year in isolation.

Though this year's trials and tribulations colonize our thoughts, it is also important to look forward. We're all bringing something we learned at this school into our future — and not just the knowledge and skills for academics and careers, but something more fundamental. Something closer and more common to all of us: our virtues, and our values.

We're told that even after we move on from RSGC, we will always be Georgian. This term — a stand-in for camaraderie and kindness, focus and respect — is worth unpacking.

We live in a world where our traditional values are regularly reexamined. When individuality is protected, is the notion of a shared identity, unity, and oneness opposed to our values?

Quite the contrary.

As one of our grade 11 peers put it, “to excel at RSGC, you just need to be yourself.” This is a school of inclusion. To be Georgian is to be inclusive, and that value is timeless.

We need to go forth into the world remembering that to be inclusive in spirit, in action, and in thinking, is to have the strength and vision to find community in our differences. To see camaraderie in our diversity of persons and beliefs.

If being Georgian is to embody — to exemplify — the values of kindness, compassion, empathy, and community, then our mission is to share these standards. Holding doors and shaking hands aside, it is our imperative to include others, to be there when someone is struggling or just having a bad day, to be thoughtful and considerate and open-minded in everything we do. Typifying these values is leadership, and through it we can inspire leadership in others. After years of being recognized and cared for, it's now our turn to take the Georgian principle of “known and loved” and carry it forward.

Remember what it means to have gone through this college. Remember that this school strives to make young men of confidence but not of arrogance. Remember to strike the balance between ambition and compassion. And remember that you have the power to make change — that already, you've not found, but forged the best version of yourself.

We'll always be Georgian. We'll always live by our creeds of kindness. We're entering into our own brave new world. We're starting afresh. It's time to begin again.

Jacob Buchan



school days

face to face and virtual



My COVID Revelation

Hutton Mann Shaw

It seems as though when we are children, all we want is to grow up, yet when we do, all we want is to go back. I never would have thought I would look back on my grade 6 self and wish to live his life, but here I am. When I was 12, going to Rosedale Public School, I was far from perfect. To make matters worse, my oblivious and ignorant self thought I was the opposite. Although this was naive, it came with positives. Apart from five minutes of homework, I had nothing to worry about, and therefore, endless fun to enjoy. Constantly having something exciting to look forward to, I lived a joyful life. Among my many awesome experiences, soccer topped the list. In particular, the grade 6 soccer semi-final is one of my happiest memories from that fantastic year. Looking back to that moment, as I reflect on this past school year, it makes me sad. I anticipated this year would be one of new experiences, putting myself out there, and everything that speaks joy. Unfortunately, due to COVID, my plans changed, along with my mental state. Despite this year of far too little joy, I have learned several lessons that will guide the rest of my life.

I would usually wake up at 8:00, but on the day of the semi-final, I was so pumped that I set an alarm for 7:00, allocating myself far more time than I would ever need. On top of this, I had already packed my bag for the day and laid out

all my clothes along the bean bag chair in my room. As the calming music from my alarm clock twinkled into my ears, practically smiling, I awoke. Lifting the covers off my body and throwing them to the side, I stepped down from my bed, careful not to wake my brothers. I got dressed, and holding back the urge to jump my way down the stairs, I tiptoed to the kitchen. I always ate breakfast, and so had some Rice Krispies. They tasted better than usual. To make the day even more special, both my mom and dad drove me to school, and I got to go in my dad's small Fiat. My life was a dream. I arrived at school a few minutes early, and quickly noticed my friends, all of them wearing their makeshift jerseys. I quickly hopped

on the trend, and also wrote my name on the back of my shirt. After embarrassingly kissing my parents goodbye, I boarded the bus for Whitney Public School. Unfortunately, the first half of the game did not go our way, but it would have taken a lot worse for our spirits to be crushed.

I clumsily sat down on the bench by the field, no worries whatsoever. Sweat dripped from my forehead and mud covered my legs. It was half time, and we were down 3-0. No matter how roughed up we were, the smiles on our faces were immeasurable. We were having the time of our lives, like we always did. The sun shone down onto the middle of the field, revealing the demolished grass and the posts with no crossbars for nets. It smelled like a fresh spring day, and all I could hear was birds chirping and the laughing of teammates. One of the moms who volunteered to help our team was handing out giant freezies. If it were even possible, smiles widened. Our coach knelt before us, a freezie in his right hand and a clipboard in the left. He had a plan for us to score. Unlike in the classroom, we didn't mind listening. After all, we wanted to win. As the coach wrapped up the pep talk, with almost perfect timing, the ref blew his whistle. The second half of the game was starting.

Blood rushed to my legs as I lifted my body from the bench. I was ready to play. All around me my teammates were also getting ready for the second half. The opposing team was good, but we knew we could beat them. Walking to our positions, we moved with a slight swagger, believing we were

going to come back. The first six minutes of the game saw minimal action. At around the seventh minute of this second half, the opposing team was called offside, giving us a free kick. I had been waiting for this moment all game, a chance for me to make a difference. Perfectly positioning the ball on an elevated patch of grass, I glanced at my new cleats, ideal for this situation. They allowed me to kick the ultimate long range pass, which is exactly what I did. We did not capitalize on this opportunity as the ball was grabbed by the goalie too quickly, but it was certainly a confidence boost. In fact, on the next play, my friend Daniel, a 5th grade prodigy, scored an awesome goal. Following that, about five minutes later, my other friend scored a header. I was so stoked. There was about ten minutes left, and we were still down by a goal. Feeding off the cheering from the parents and coach, I was tremendously motivated to score. Sure enough, my moment came with seven minutes on the clock. The ball was in the opponent's end, and they were trying to clear it. Just as I was taught, I applied pressure, stole the ball, and gently tipped it into the net. It was amazing. The game was tied.

The ball moved back and forth from our end to theirs, and the tension peaked. With 3 minutes left, my team made one final attempt to score with a big shot from inside the box. The opposing goalie made a fantastic save, and we all awaited a penalty shootout. Then the unexpected happened. The goalie booted the ball all the way towards our net, catching our goalie off guard. The ball bounced over his head and into the net. There were no crossbars, so it was an official goal. We were deeply disappointed--some of my teammates were even crying. However soul-wrenching the loss was, it wasn't the end of the world; we had a party shortly after.

As I reflect on this grand experience that was grade 6 soccer and compare it to my current life, I have made what I think is a profound realization. It would be an understatement to say that over this past year, due to COVID, I have spent a lot of time doing school work. With nothing else to do, I decided to work really hard and to prioritize school over fun. Obviously, there are positives to spending most of your time doing schoolwork. For instance, I have never done as well as I have this year, and I have truly discovered my potential. I now know that if I want to do really well on anything in school, with enough time, I can do it. I have also developed great routines for studying, and I have learned more this year than ever before.

Despite learning lots, spending all day doing schoolwork and having little fun in my life has not come without an impact. When there is little to look forward to, or that is how it seems, it is difficult to stay motivated. Schoolwork, without something fun to follow, is very draining. I have found that with my current arrangements, without tennis and consistent visits with friends, I am ultimately less happy, and therefore have not been able to provide joy for others. Being drained and hardly motivated has also affected my sleep schedule. I now go to bed far later, causing me to wake up later, or exhausted. Furthermore, in realizing my potential in school, I have become much harder on myself about grades. What used to be a great grade is now not even acceptable. As I notice the effects of minimal fun, and not having much to look forward to, I have realized how important joy really is and why life is so challenging. Despite all my privilege, I have struggled for balance during COVID. I can only imagine how difficult it might be without such privilege.

Although I am not overjoyed that I decided to spend this year the way I did, I have learned an important lesson. It is more than necessary for me to have joy, and sporting events, and plans with friends to look forward to in my life, as they provide me and those around me with happiness and motivation. In reality, getting high 90s on all school projects should not be my main focus, nor really a focus at all. In lieu of this year, I have made a promise

to myself to find joy in all of my future endeavours, especially while I'm young. Just as my grade 6 self did, I will live a life worth remembering. After all, enjoying life is what makes it worth living.

Classic Literature in a Digital Age

Jacob Buchan

(Delivered @ TEDxYouth at Pickering College on Wednesday, February 10th, 2021)

In an age of global pandemic, social isolation, and the dominance of digital technology, what benefits could there be to reading dusty old tomes of “classic” literature?

Plenty.

Exposure to well-articulated ideas and rich narratives is always valuable, no matter the medium. But if you're looking for a way to spend a little time that will be rewarding, engaging, and even enlightening, then I argue that reading classic literature — maybe a paragraph, maybe a page, but in an actual book — is both practical and profound.

A “classic” work is defined by a few key characteristics: the work addresses an enduring issue of the human condition, either explicitly or implicitly, and considers ambitious questions. Classics are generative, and their themes and subject matter inspire consequent contemplations and personal reflections alike. The writing is carefully constructed, dense with information, and requires effort to read and interpret. Lastly, classic literature is instructive: the works present an argument in response to their fundamental questions. There is, of course, no one answer. It's the combination of all these traits — the broad scope of the inquiry, the wealth of existing interpretations, the layered and complex language — that allow for unique insights to be gleaned by different people upon multiple readings.

Much classic literature is, quite frankly, old, written anywhere between 70 and 2,500 years ago. You'd be justified in wondering how archaic works could still be relevant. But the subject matter is timeless: we still discuss the meaning of life, so why not consider what the earliest writers had to say about it? Furthermore, to earn its appellation as “classic,” time is requisite. If we want to know concretely whether or not something is worth reading, generations of review and praise from experts and recreational readers alike lead a creditable process of determination.

Let's break it down a little. Classics often present moral clarity. As these works examine our fundamental nature and argue how we can or should coexist, reading them provides two commentaries: both the external markers of a good society, and the internal exploration of personal experience. Take this 2000 year-old line from the ancient Greek philosopher Epictetus: “Happiness and freedom begin with a clear understanding of one principle: some things are within your control, and some things are not.” Here Epictetus economically presents an arguable thesis on how to achieve some of our most fundamental human desires, and it's a statement we can appreciate on a cerebral level that also has pragmatic applications. Think of the current state of the world: disturbing developments, looming lockdowns, and the wide-ranging implications of the pandemic serve up an abundance of angst. Yet our individual part in the global situation is minimal: while it's critical to stay informed and engaged, these concerns

shouldn't be an emotional burden — to be panicked over giant crises only reinforces a sense of powerlessness. Focusing on our individual efforts, observing protocols, and dedicating headspace to friends and family grant practical agency.

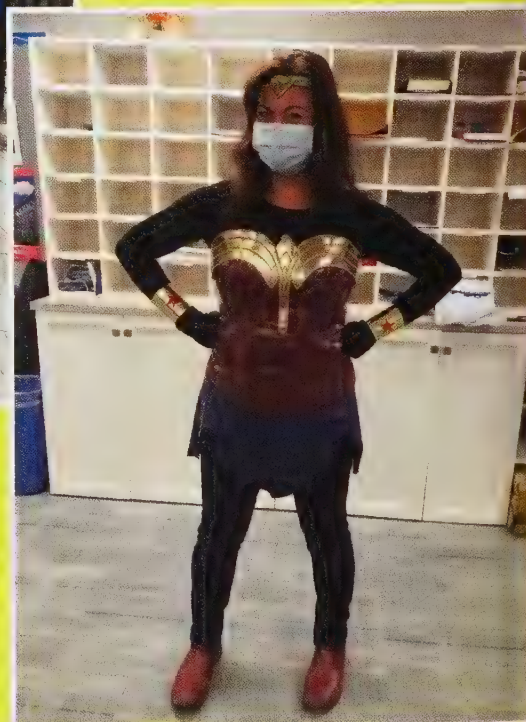
Classic novels examine similar issues through the toothsome potential of good stories. But a deterrent, however, might be the language: it's dense, it's complex, and it requires effort to understand. Yet this is central to the layered nature of classic literature: the writing allows for different meanings to spring forth when phrases are considered in different contexts. Intricate language expands our vocabulary: beyond learning new words, the works impart rich and varied ways of communicating. Exposure to these nuances of language is all the more useful in our age of quick tweets and texts.

Because the writing is so precisely packed with information, even a single paragraph contains an idea worth knowing. Reading a snippet can impart useful knowledge and proffer a small dose of lyricism. Here's a line from Richard Adams's *Watership Down*: “Many human beings say that they enjoy the winter, but what they really enjoy is feeling proof against it.” Though an initially opaque statement, you can readily infer a commentary on human ingenuity: we've progressed from a world where winter meant the end of harvests, starvation, and death, to one where heated homes and imported food leave us nigh impervious to its influence. This extends to the psychological point on “feeling proof against it”: to think we have overcome the laws and boundaries of nature fills us with feelings of importance; it says that we have significance in this world. All this in just a handful of words.

Today, classic literature is available in many media: the internet provides a multiplicity of notes, summaries, video shorts, and audiobooks that offer some time-efficient and commute-compatible choices. But physically reading a material book still holds unique benefits. Recent MRI-based neuroscience studies concluded that reading strengthens both short- and long-term information processing, transference, and critical thinking. And on a more poetic level, disconnection ushers in calm: the weight of a book and the crisp turn of a page offer sensory decompression — a moment away from the glare of blue-light and the constant clamour of headphones.

Because, of course, much of our media is digital — quick videos on YouTube, news updates on the TV, and posts on social media colonize our attention. But even a few minutes of reading will reap rewards. So, the most resonant endeavour is to investigate the works that have been renowned for a panoply of years, have articulated some of the greatest human thought, and are brimming with information and often beauty. Luckily, these books are easy to find — a quick Google search will reveal dozens of established canons. You'd probably find something already on your bookshelf. So when you get the time, you needn't plow your way through 1000s of pages — open a book at random, and read a paragraph or two. See what happens next.

halloween

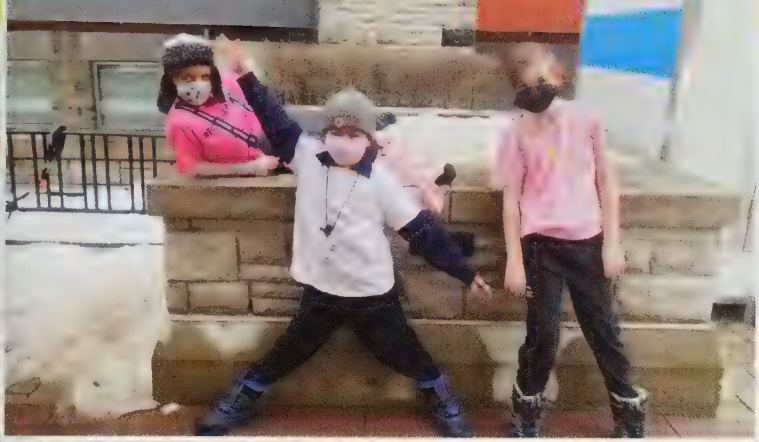




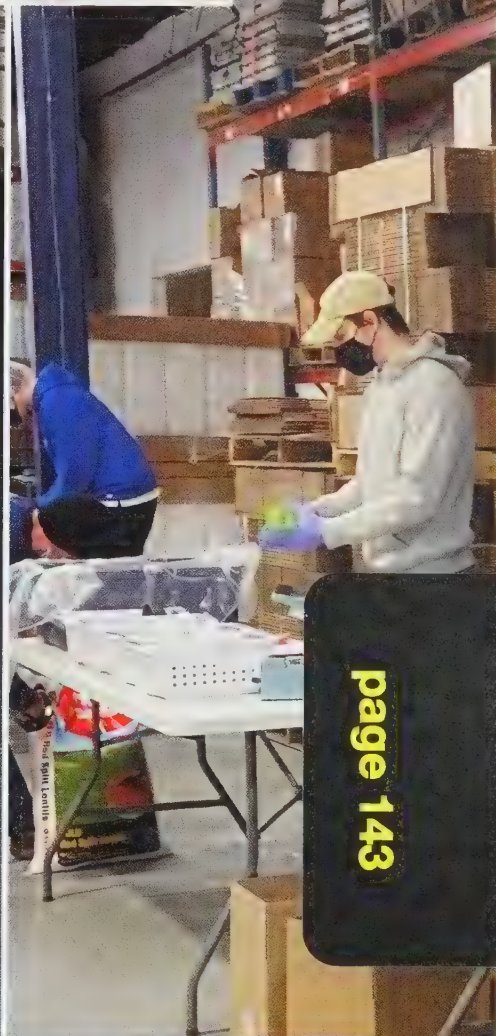




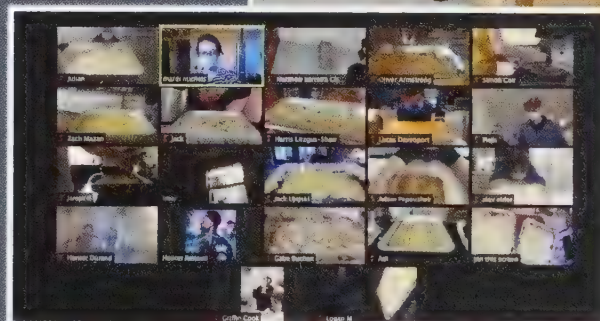




GRADE
9 ONLY
ENTRANCE
& EXIT



page 143



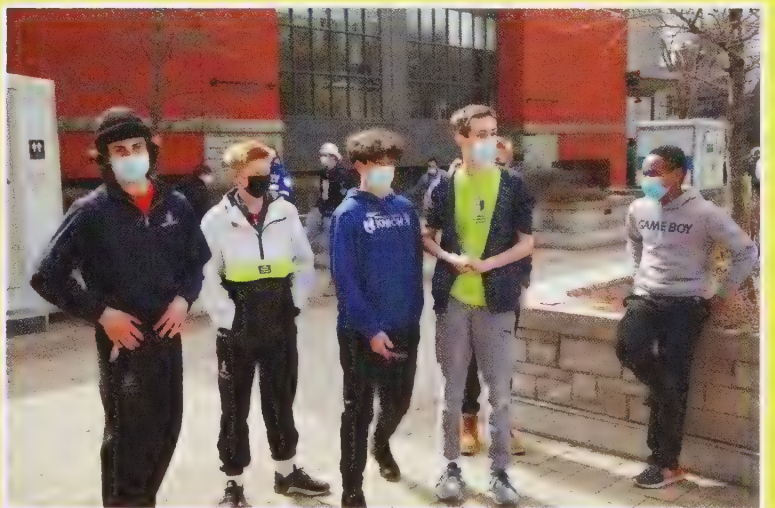
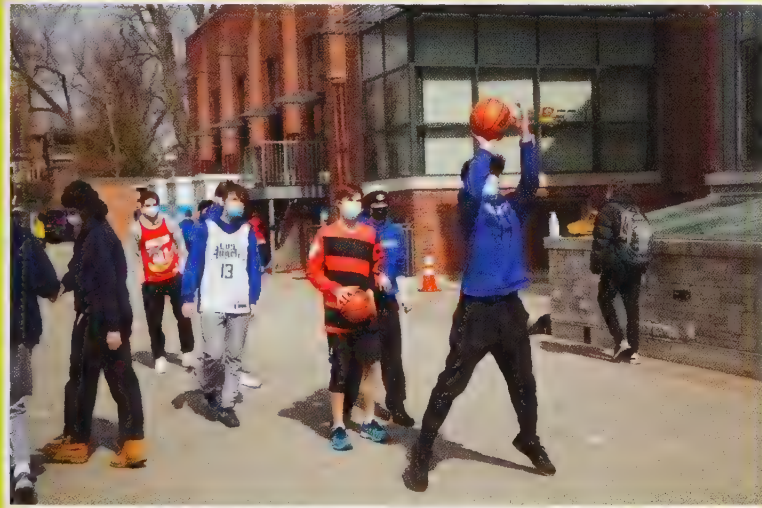
spirit week

page 144





page 145



grade six writing

When I am an adult I want to be an engineer. I want to run an environmental car company because I would be able to make a lot of money and protect the environment. I love to build things and would design the coolest cars that go super fast. I would be really good at this because I am really creative. I have already built a go-kart before. My cars would have solar panels to help charge it while driving it, but the plug- in would also be from solar panels and hydroelectric sources. I want to make my cars cheaper than other electric cars so more people would buy them. Not only will my company make cars, it will make other electric items like kitchen appliances that run on solar power. Being a boss would give me a big role at my company but I would make sure to treat people nicely.

Sam Vincent

Yesterday the police officer that killed George Floyd was found guilty of all of the charges against him. George Floyd was a black man from Minnesota who was arrested last May. Before George Floyd could be taken to the police station one of the officers killed him by kneeling on his throat. George Floyd's death got a lot of attention because it was video taped and put on social media. Everyone was able to see exactly what happened to him. When people saw what happened there were a lot of protests and destruction and attention to Black Lives Matter. This case was different because the police testified against other police officers. The police officer was found guilty and this made the black people and George Floyd's family feel like the right decision was made. I think that the verdict against the police yesterday gives people hope that there will be more proper treatment of people no matter what color they are.

Neal Shaw

Friend
Loyal, Kind
Playing, Helping, Laughing
Never lets you down
Companion

Janak Jamal

Books
Engaging, Informative
Reading, Thinking, Learning
Stay up all night
Novels

Max Sidhu-Dennison

iPhone
Modern, expensive
photographing, emailing, gaming
The best phone ever
Smartphone

Robbie Armstrong

The Drop Tower

Rising up like the moon at dawn.
I close my eyes, hesitant to look.
I open and see my friends cheering me on.
I hear the screams from the other rides knowing I'll scream too.
But that does not resist against my will to pull through.
I think about the food I ate and how it hasn't gone down well.
Cotton candy, popcorn, churros; they are the rewards I will get if I just don't cry.
The ride stops. Is it over I say in my head?
But no. I plummet towards the ground
As the pressure against my head is immeasurable.
I pull back my tears and feel a sense of relief. It's over.
I hug and squeeze my mom tight as she takes me to get cotton candy.
I bite into the sugar cloud and it tastes as though it really was a cloud.
It was as light as a feather tasted like strawberries.
Just like that I had eaten it and it was gone in a second..

Laurie Psarolis

Reading

I felt the soft snow of Narnia crunch beneath my feet.
I heard the characters' voices, strong as the wind, as if they were standing right in front of me.
I was in a completely different world than where I was just one minute ago.
I followed the characters through their adventure as if I was one of them
Tasting the food that the author described so vividly like it was on my dining room table.

I smelled the scents of fresh grass of the new world I was in
I saw the world of Narnia, I sight I would never see again
I was immersed in the culture of this new world
I also saw the dark side and problems of Narnia
Such as the magic that was making the world around my eyes crumble
But I enjoyed my time in this world
And can't wait to visit another.

Owen Vaux

Roller Coaster

The first time I went
On the twisted "bat coaster",
I was only 7
And I was not ready

I looked up, to
The bright blue sky,
And saw a towering shadow
Flying up high

The line was colossal,
But I didn't leave the sight
And as I got closer,
I felt the fear brewing

After a long wait,
I saw the carts
And I finally entered
Passing through the gate

With my brother alongside me
We entered the cart,
The bar came down on us
I tried not to be alarmed

We went forward and back
Tossing my cheeks left and right
It was so fun,
I forgot about fright

Wind flew past
My excited face
And I was surprised when the coaster
Went backwards for a change

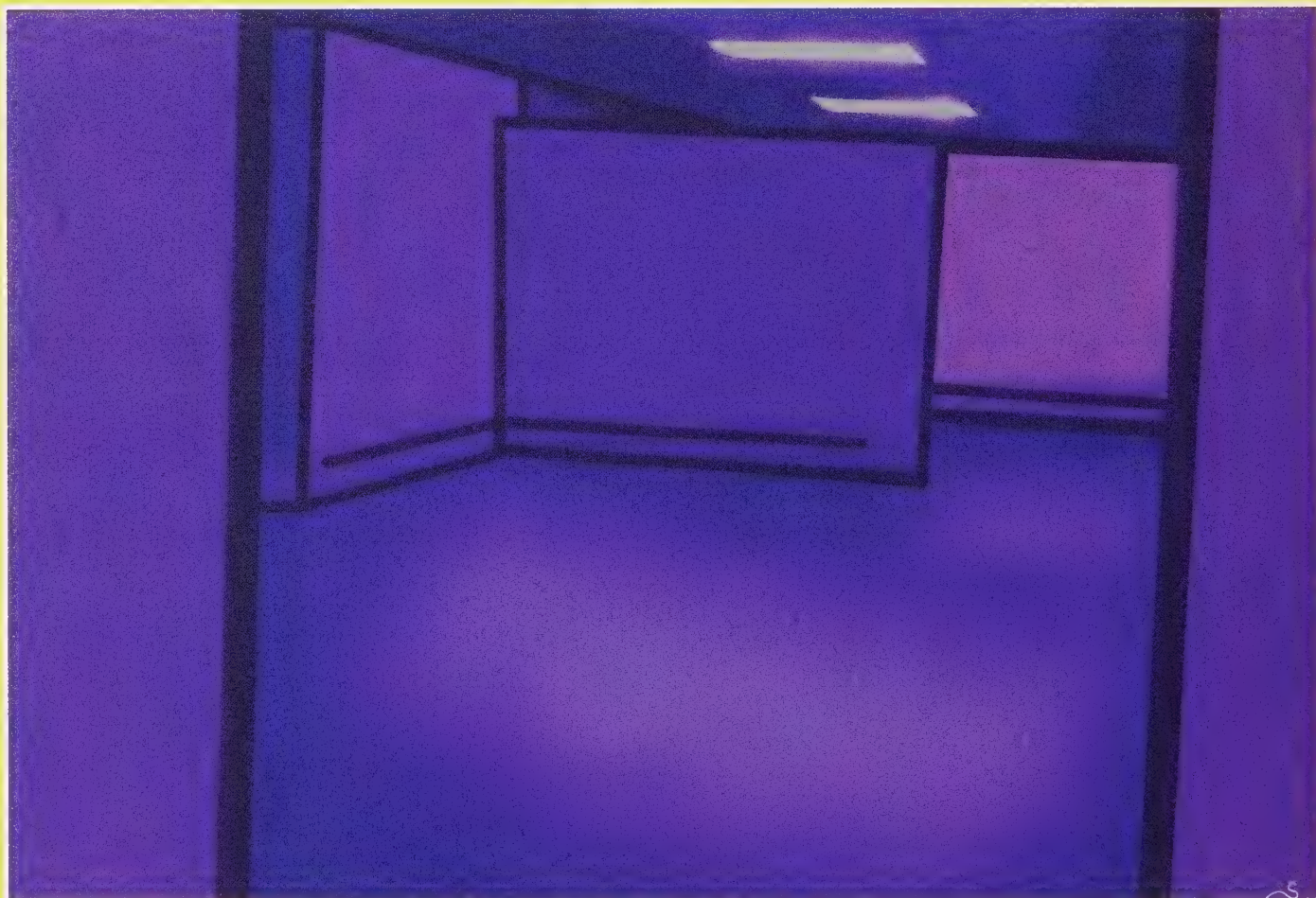
The ride was over too quick
But I enjoyed my time
After all I had just finished
A fifty plus foot climb

Will von Teichman





Tim Mah, grade twelve



Henry Gold, grade twelve



Brevan Babbar, grade nine



Henry McCutcheon, grade nine



Sebastian Nakamachi Rozwadowski, grade nine



Max Krantz, grade nine

The Reading

Kalan Morris-Poolman

I woke and was completely engulfed in sweat. I guess I wasn't used to the hot climate in Israel yet, and to make matters worse, I had left my window open the previous night, believing that it would cool the room. It had the inverse effect. It was the day of my bar mitzvah. I had been preparing for this day for months, having lessons every Saturday to ensure that I would perform when today came, but it felt as if all this work I had put in would amount to nothing in the face of actually having to do it in front of people. I sat up on my bed, and my chest began to ache. This heavy sinking feeling was all too familiar. I remember my Grade 7 speech and my Grade 8 speech. The idea of public speaking haunted me. I took three deep breaths and headed to the shower to clean off all the sweat I had accumulated throughout the night. The cool water on my skin felt nice, but this aching feeling I had refused to subside. After my shower, I headed to the kitchen of the Airbnb that we had rented. The rest of my morning went by in a flash. I remember eating eggs and toast for breakfast, watching TV, and getting ready for the event. After getting dressed, I headed to the second floor of the Airbnb, where everyone was waiting for me. My dad, mum, sister, Uncle Gavin, and mother's cousin Michael were all watching me. Their eyes only made this feeling in my chest worse. We headed out onto the balcony as my mum wanted lots of photos of me and everyone to commemorate this "special" day, as my mum put it. To me, this day felt like anything but special. After taking hundreds of photos, it was time to head out.

Since we were unfamiliar with the region, we had hired a man to drive us to the Western Wall, where the ceremony was to be held. On top of being certified to oversee bar mitzvahs and bat mitzvahs, this man was also a tour guide that we had hired to show us around Jerusalem for the day. As we got into his Range Rover, he said that we had some time before our reservation at the Western Wall, so he decided to take us to a lesser-known tourist spot nearby. On the way, he told us about the history and culture of what we passed by in the car. I didn't catch a word of it as all I could hear was the beating of my heart progressively getting faster as the time of my bar mitzvah approached. When we arrived at the tourist spot, all I could focus on was how the ache in my chest had begun to expand slowly outwards to the rest of my body.

The next thing I knew, I was back in the van, and we were off to the Western Wall. I was thankful that my parents had brought me to Israel for my bar mitzvah and gave me this opportunity. I was especially appreciative of not having to recite my prayers in front of a large group of family and friends, but I was naive to think that I wouldn't be doing it in front of people at such a famous religious sight such as the Western Wall. My sister tapped me on the shoulder and said that we had arrived. We were now outside of the entrance to the Western Wall. Although it was just the entrance, I was intimidated by what stood before me and dreaded what was in store for me inside.

We headed to the security check and suddenly, we were stopped. The men at the gate said that my mother and sister were required to cover their arms before entering. My mum and sister were wearing dresses that didn't cover their arms because the weather was so hot. Fortunately, the people at the gate provided them with a temporary covering that they would have to return before exiting. At last, we were inside. It was finally hitting me that this was going to happen. Sure, I felt this uncomfortable sensation in my chest from the moment I woke up, but now that I was actually there, I began to tremble. We slowly made our way to the front of the Wall, where a sea of people laid, all of which looked super religious. This was way more people than I had expected or even could have imagined. I couldn't move. Although I really hadn't been paying attention to what the tour guide had been saying in the car, I could hear his voice in my head saying that if I were to make a mistake and someone were to hear, they would call me out and make me restart. Suddenly, I was pulled to the left and was led away from the crowd. Isn't this where I'm supposed to do it? Why are we going somewhere? These thoughts began to flood my brain, but then my Mum said the best thing that she could have. "We rented a private space over there," she said. I turned to where she pointed, and there was absolutely no one over there. It was even separated from the rest of the wall and had a little tent protecting those under it from the blazing hot sun.

I stepped onto the platform where the Torah was located and started my reading. My heart felt like it was about to burst. My legs shook as if there was an earthquake beneath me. My mind began to race. I gazed at the page before me, trying to follow the words that were coming out of my mouth. Is this where I am? No, I'm there. Am I even saying what I am supposed to be? I began to fill with doubt, and at this point, I had utterly lost where I was on the page. I was entirely relying on memory. I was now about halfway through, and nothing had gone wrong yet. But all of a sudden, the tour guide repeated something that I had just said slightly differently, implying that I had done it wrong. He told me to restart from that point. I froze. Since I wasn't sure where I was on the page, I wasn't sure where to start from what I had memorized. Well, it's over now. But then the tour guide pointed to the line where I was supposed to restart. I began to read from there and knew that I wasn't going to mess it up this time. As the last word from the reading escaped my lips, my entire body suddenly felt weightless. It was finally over.

Looking back now, I realize that the feeling I had in my chest that day wasn't from the fact that I was performing in front of people; it was from the idea of disappointing my family. But after messing up my reading, in the end, my family was still very proud of me. This was when I learned that even if you struggle or stumble on your way to achieving something you want, it is alright as long as you persevere and see it through to the end.

My True Calling

Arjun Deckha

I was on the starting line of the most important race of my life. I could hear the breathing of 150 other boys my age. I thought to myself, what are the other boys thinking to themselves? All of a sudden, I heard the sound of a gun; instinctively, I was running at nearly my top speed. It was important to start the race off well, as after a certain period of time, not much movement occurs between runners' placements. Where I finished that day would have an impact on what I would be doing for the rest of the month of October. Would my cross-country season be over, or would I be

training my heart out?

Throughout my relatively short time at RSGC, my most memorable achievement was going to the Ontario Cross Country Championships at the OFSAA event in Sudbury, in November, 2019.

This event was a very significant part of my life, as it was the first time that I earned my way to a serious sports championship.

Although it is uncomfortable, running is the sport that I excel in the most. In the past, prior to my admission to RSGC in Grade 9, I was often criticized for my perceived lack of athleticism. At my previous school, I was mocked for my lack of abilities in sports like soccer, ultimate frisbee, and basketball, until I began running seriously. After many long exhausting runs, I improved so much as a runner that I became one of the top 8 male runners in my grade. This feat had seemed possible, but it required hours of practice and dedication. Qualifying for OFSAA a year later made all this effort from past years seem worth it.

At the OFSAA cross-country championships, there are runners from all over Ontario. The runners are divided by the districts that they are from. RSGC competes at the CISAA conference championships to qualify for OFSAA. In a way, the CISAA event is more significant and competitive than OFSAA, as there is something to look forward to afterwards.

As I lined up on the starting line, I realized how many other boys were competing for 15 spots in OFSAA. Only about one out of every 10 would get the glory of going to the final race. Aware that RSGC was one of the more competitive teams in the race, I could hear blood, full of adrenaline, pumping faster than ever through my body. When I heard the sound of the gun, along with 150 other boys, I headed off into the race of a lifetime--a race that could determine whether I would be disappointed for the majority of the remaining year, and a race that could send me to my first major competition. As I ran, I could feel the studs of my shoe battling with the moist ground. Moreover, I could hear the grunts and footsteps of many other athletes, and I realized that many of the boys had slightly misjudged the distance of the race; it was 4 km long. The run flew by in a flash; however, it was fairly exhausting. I realized that I had done what was expected of me, to finish top 25; I had finished 23rd! Unsurprisingly, I was the fifth runner who had crossed the finish line from RSGC, close behind the third and fourth place runners from our school. At this stage, however, we were unsure whether we had qualified for the OFSAA championships and were very skeptical about the idea itself. Approximately 30 minutes after our race, the results were posted; I had displaced a runner from the third place team, which meant that we qualified. This was easily one of my happiest moments as an athlete, as I felt a sense of victory; I was going to OFSAA!

The sense of accomplishment I felt on the bus back with my teammates was possibly the most significant that I have ever experienced. Because we were grade 9s, even older boys and teachers were impressed; however, this glory was to be extinguished very soon. The top five grade 9 runners from RSGC, a grade 11 student, and another fellow grade 9 student running in the para-athlete category had their work cut out for them; this included me. To impress and showcase that RSGC had competitive runners, our grade 9 team made a goal to finish in the top 10 cross-country teams from across the province. This proved to be very challenging. To prepare for this daunting task, we had what is known as the "OFSAA" practice--probably the most relaxing yet intense run that I have ever had. Along with the rest of my teammates headed to OFSAA, I took a taxi to a beautiful park in the heart of Toronto. The park stretched for kilometers, with many hills, perfect for a long and intense running workout. The smell

of the fresh autumnal air and the sounds of birds chirping made the workout peaceful and enjoyable. Ultimately, this practice prepared me for the intensity and atmosphere at OFSAA.

As I woke up to the sound of my alarm clock the day before the race, I was excited for the adventure awaiting me. All of a sudden, I realized that I still had over a day until the actual race, and that I would be taking a long bus ride up to Sudbury, where the OFSAA cross-country championships were being held. Unfortunately, to actually get to Sudbury at a reasonable time, we had to leave at 8 am sharp. The bus ride there is one that I will never forget. About three hours into our bus ride, our bus stopped for a snack. We stopped at a Tim Hortons in the middle of nowhere, where we saw a large truck flipped over in the snow. A very frightening sight to say the least, I almost perceived it as a foreshadowing of my fate in the race. Thankfully, Sudbury didn't seem too far away, and we arrived there in a little less than two hours. It was intimidating getting off the bus to see the sheer number of other runners. Although the race wasn't that day, our team went to view the course. Prior to leaving, I had seen a video of it; however, that day it was full of snow, nearly unrecognizable. This gave me a sense of uncertainty, a feeling that often makes me worried. On top of that, the weather was very cold, and there were a few inches of snow; I had never actually run in snow before. Perhaps it had been a good idea to buy 9mm spikes for my shoes a few days prior. After viewing the course, I felt relieved, and was prepared for the most important day of my life.

When I awoke the next morning, I felt queasy. I was in Sudbury, a place that I had never been before. How could the most important day of my life be so far from home? I realized that I had to collect myself, eat a good breakfast, and get ready to run my race. My race was at 11:15 am, just after the grade 9 girls' race which gave me a sense of reassurance; at least I could see what a race in these conditions looked like before it was my turn.

The bus ride to the site of the race was unsettling. The location of the race wasn't located too far away; however, we had to park in a parking lot about a kilometre away due to the thousands of people at the event. As we walked over to the course, I peered over the barrier to see what was happening with the girls' race. When the race commenced, crowds of girls began running very quickly, slightly taking me by surprise. Could I seriously run that fast? In no time, the girls' race finished and I, along with the rest of my teammates, began warming up. It was one degree outside, and I was wearing a sleeveless shirt with racing shoes and shorts--that's it! Weirdly, I didn't feel that cold. All of a sudden, grade 9 boys were called down to the course to be organized for the race. A chill passed down my spine. I was 10 minutes away from running the race of a lifetime. The boys were organized by order of position at previous qualification events. As the slowest in the CISAA race from RSGC, I was positioned at the back. As I began to prepare myself for the race, I peered around at

others. Some appeared fierce, some weak, others just like me--scared, but prepared. I was about to run 4 km, the scariest and best 4 km of my life.

Bang!!! The race had begun, a large swarm of boys, myself included, began running at nearly top speed into the woods where the rest of the course continued. As I ran, I could hear the breathing of 200 other boys all at different speeds and ranges. Some were large deep breaths, others were gasps, and I wondered what kind of breathing was most appropriate? As the race progressed, positions between runners began to solidify; it became difficult to pass anyone and advance in one's standing. Unusually, I was more focused on keeping my position rather than moving forward. This was a very defensive way to run such a race; however, I began to get tired, and by the 2 km mark, I was breathing heavily. When my breathing is like this, I realize that I have overexerted myself to an extent and that if I wish to push myself any further, I will likely develop a cramp in my abdomen--a death wish in-disguise. All of a sudden, as I headed around a turn, I saw a fellow Georgian. He was about 100m ahead of me; however, this accounted for about 60 places. Although our eyes didn't meet, I felt a sense of connection to him, something that I had never felt before. This was because I had never been part of a real team before. It motivated me, and I began to accelerate for about 10 metres. I passed about eight other boys, putting me in a slightly favourable position, considering my ranking at previous events. As the race came closer to an end, a coach from the other team from CISAA, the St. Mike's cross-country coach, cheered me on. He even knew my name! How was that possible? I had barely seen the man before. This made me feel a sense of importance and belonging; I was being recognized like never before.

The race finished shortly after, and I didn't really care where I finished. What mattered was the realization that I had made. Running was where I belonged. No matter how much I hated the feeling of it, it was a part of me. After the race, my father and younger sister came to watch me run; unfortunately, my dad miscalculated how many people would be at the race and had a tough time getting to the race. He arrived 10-15 minutes after my race to congratulate me. This didn't really matter to me. The only thing that was going through my head was, all that hard work in years prior had finally paid off; I belonged for real somewhere.

Destruction Versus Defeat

Eric Yao

The loud sound of applause was overwhelming, making my face burn as the teacher handed me my award, a large piece of glass with "Eric Yao, CIS Excellence in Mandarin" clearly engraved on it in silver. I stood on the stage in awkward silence until the few in my grade received their awards. I knew there was an ocean of people around me, watching me. My classmates, parents, older students, and teachers were all down there, and if the lights from the stage didn't stop me from seeing how many, I could have fainted. When I was walking back to my seat, 12 rows in the back, I could feel the award dragging me down like I was

imprisoned. Millions of eyes watched me like hawks staring at a trembling rabbit. My mind, however, was focused on one question, "how did I get this award?"

I wasn't the brightest among my classmates. At eight years old, I was chubby and one of the few tall kids in my class. Despite my intimidating appearance, my personality was the opposite. I was extremely shy, and I avoided unnecessary social interactions at all costs. Thus when it came to going on stage, it felt like I was standing next to a guillotine, waiting to be executed. I was also one of the few kids who could give teachers headaches, making them want to quit their job after teaching me. It wasn't because I didn't learn things fast enough; it was the opposite. I learned concepts at a surprising speed, but I wasn't the best with performance and responsibility. I held the grade record for not doing my homework for months in a row, constantly getting 2 out of 10 on my spelling tests, and seeing two's hit my report card like tsunamis. I was a part of and apart from the rest of the kids. I was a kid who challenged rules but one who had many friends. Despite my failure in all my other courses, I was at the top of my class in Mandarin. It wasn't that impressive, but it was enough to prove my intelligence.

To be honest, my high grades in Mandarin weren't because of my interest in the subject. The only reason I paid attention in that class was because of a bet I made. Looking back at myself, my obsession with Yugioh cards was over the top. My grandmother used this weakness against me, and we made a bet. She said that every time I scored 100 on my test, she would buy me a pack of cards, which eight-year-old me considered a good deal. It was like feeding meat to a tiger, and you could see my mark skyrocket. Even my teachers said that I changed surprisingly, but I was too focused on Yugioh to care about their thoughts. My life continued as usual, and I didn't do any homework until my teachers or mom screamed at me. Against their constant complaints about my schoolwork, I would always pretend I was doing it when I played an online game with my friend Vince. My classes were often cut short as I would go to the washroom for half an hour at a time. Despite being such a naughty kid, I still felt support from my family, especially my grandparents.

As I walked back from the school's auditorium to my class, my brain was spinning rapidly, thinking about how I should respond when my friends and teachers congratulated me. The congratulations from parents and teachers went in one ear and out the other. I didn't want to respond, or maybe I was too afraid, or nervous — I don't even know. I was too focused on the award, every edge of it, every word on it. My brain came up with all the possibilities of where this award could be displayed in my room. Was it going to be on my desk or my shelf? As I entered my classroom, my teacher congratulated me, and I had a smile brighter than the sun. I walked over to my locker beside the door and picked up my backpack from the bottom. I felt the reasoning part of my brain try to convince myself to put the award in the bag, but I liked it too much, as if it was a part of me, so I ended up holding it like a child — possibly the biggest mistake in my life.

The grade three classroom was on the third floor of the main building. As a kid, everything seemed massive, and even the stairs appeared double the size they were. I started walking down the stairs, still pondering why I had been chosen for this award because I knew I wasn't the best in my class, nor did the teacher like me. I suddenly felt a strong wind engulf me, a wind strong enough to clear all the happy thoughts in my mind. I felt something lift my leg, probably one of the monsters in my imaginary world that I imagined every night. Right after that, I felt my body

falling forward like a tiger diving for prey, except I was trying to grab hold of the award. It flew away from my hands, and I felt my soul leaving my body. It happened too quickly, too quickly for an 8-year-old to react. Consequently, I felt the back of my head hit four steps of stairs at different angles, and my teeth bit down on my tongue. My eyes turned black, and I felt my body hitting the waxed floor with extreme force, and the award landed beside me. After a short moment, I heard a teacher calling my name, and I felt the hands of some older students holding arms, trying to lift me. I stared at the teacher, muted, trying to comprehend what happened and the words coming out of her mouth. I simply couldn't.

The next thing I knew, I was sitting in the nurse's office with blood on the side of my face. There was a cut on the left side of my eye, and the mixture of blood and tears covered my face, making it hard to see. Surprisingly, I didn't get a concussion. Sitting next to me was my award, in pieces. And there it was, my first product of hard work shattered in front of me. The image hit me with emotions too complicated for me to understand. Was it sadness, or was it anger? I was too confused to know. I tried to keep my eyes off of it by staring at the ticking clock on the wall, waiting for my parents or anyone in my family to come. Every tick felt like ten years. Eventually, the wooden door opened with a cracking sound, and I saw a familiar face. "What happened, Eric?" my mother asked when she walked in. I didn't want to explain, and I physically couldn't because of my bleeding tongue. My eyes turned naturally to the nurse, prompting her to explain the entire scenario, so she did. I walked out of the school speechless, hearing my friends' parents congratulating me and my parents, but my lips were trembling too much to respond with anything. It was my last day of school at CISB, my last day of school in China, and it ended like a dramatic movie.

After I walked into my house, I didn't cry, I didn't scream, I didn't do anything a normal 8-year-old kid would do. I stared at the pieces of the award on my table, and I felt empty, as if I never got the award, or it was never meant for me. No, it was a lot worse. I tried to get myself together by playing video games and sleeping more than usual, but that didn't compensate for the damage I felt.

When my dad got home, he walked into my room with a tube of superglue in his hands. I knew he could fix my award, just as he could fix anything I broke. He walked up to me, clearly not happy with the number of video games I played, and he placed his hand on my head. I hated it when my dad did that as if he was petting me like a puppy. I stared at him, emotionless, and he stared back with a metal face. All of a sudden, his face softened, and he sat on my bed. "Listen, Eric, I know what happened, your mom told me. What's done is done, so don't think about it anymore. We can still fix it. Next time be more careful when you're walking down the stairs." I wanted to scream. I wanted to yell, "I can't control whether or not I fall!!!!" But I didn't. I was too tired, too stressed from the day, and possibly too scared of my dad to scream at him like that. I refocused my attention on my unfinished game. A few hours later, my dad walked into my room again, with the award glued back together. The crack marks on it were still visible, but it was better than having pieces of glass on my table. I didn't know what to think or say, so I just accepted the fact that it is what it is.

To me, that award was my first success, an artifact that marked the end of my life in China, and something that split my childhood in half. After all, my sense was correct; that award did not belong to me. The award shattering in pieces not only changed me as a person but taught me to work hard and be more careful. My life in

China was uneventful, and I was a horrible student, but it taught me to value hard work and embrace success without second thoughts. Although years have passed, this memory constantly flashes in my head, and I've made a vow that I want every award I get to be something I deserve and something I worked for. Every time I go on stage to get an award, I remind myself not to drop it. If I didn't drop that award early on, I may have overlooked opportunities to be successful since then.



One Year

By Charlie Coke

"Mr. Danvers, how are you doing today?" a man dressed in white and blue asked as he entered, dabbing his cigarette in the tin ashtray next to me. His face was familiar, but I couldn't place it.

"They tell me your recovery is going well."

"Yeah I- I think so," I replied, my voice wavering.

"That's good. And your memory?"

He seemed to sense my uneasiness, adjusting in his seat and smothering his cigarette.

"That's alright, it's what I'm here to help with. Mr. Danvers, I would like to speak to you about the evening of your accident. What can you tell me about the evening of August 24th? Can you recall the details of that night?"

"I think so, um, it's a little fuzzy."

"Don't worry, I'll be here to help you through it."

I paused for a moment, gathering my thoughts before speaking.

"There was a party, it was, um, it was for graduation. My parents threw it. I'd had, I'd had a rough year—we all had."

"Who's we?" the man asked.

"My friends and I. They were there, I remember. Annie, Jack, God—those two were in love. They'd been seeing each other for a year. Well, I guess nobody had really seen each other for a year, but you... you get it. And... and there was someone else. I can't, I can't remember..."

"Jane," he said, checking my file. My mind suddenly filled with images of a girl's blue eyes.

"Right, Jane. God, how could I forget?" I reminisced.

"It's alright. Continue."

"Right, right, Jane. God, she was stunning. I was there for ten minutes before I saw her. She was wearing this red dress, and these thick soled tennis shoes. She liked the height heels gave her but hated how uncomfortable they were. She saw me and gave me this smile. It was the kind of smile that made you know everything was okay. That no matter how bad life seemed, somehow it was going to get better... I think I was in love with her."

"What happened next?"

"We, uh, we talked. She was going off to med school. She wanted to be a doctor. She wanted to help people, figure out what their problem was and solve it."

The man seemed to falter for a second, producing a second cigarette and lighting it. He took a long drag and encouraged me to continue.

"Someone offered me a drink. I—I turned it down. I was leaving first thing in the morning, and I was driving myself home that night."

The man looked down at his file, then back up at me.

"You did drink that night."

I froze, thinking for a second before the memory came back to me.

"Right, sorry. I figured I could have a few. Then I remember Jane came up and asked me to take her home."

"Yes," the man said, flipping one of his papers over to check.

"But I-I-I said no," I stammered, the moment fuzzy in my head like there was static over it.

The man took another drag of his cigarette before looking me dead in the eyes. "Mr. Danvers, this test only works if you tell the truth."

My breath caught, my hands shook. I pressed my eyes closed as a wave of pain went through my skull.

"Do you need some medication? I can ask them to bring it up," he offered.

"No, I'm fine," I half yelled, slamming my hand in frustration. "I said I'd take her. I remember now I brought her out to my car. I think Annie and Jack were with us. We started down the road, and Jane asked me to slow down, so I put my foot on the brake a little."

"You didn't," the doctor said, no longer needing his notes.

"I-uh, sorry I didn't slow down. I... I." I could feel the pain filling my head again, agony pulsing behind my eye sockets. "We rounded a corner and there was nothing."

"There was a car," the man corrected.

"I swerved to avoid it."

"You were too drunk."

I felt a lightning bolt of anguish run down my forehead like it was being cracked open. My throat felt sore and dry. I reached for the plastic cup of water he had laid out for me on the aluminum tabletop, but he placed a hand on it to stop me.

"Finish," he said.

My ears filled with pounding and grinding noises, the ringing I'd drowned out subconsciously becoming deafening. I could feel my throat tearing open, dry flesh being torn apart with every strain. My mind was filled with clouds, lights, shadows. The harder I pressed it to remember that evening-- that horrible, horrible evening--the thicker the smokescreen in my head grew.

"I... I don't remember the rest," I choked out in suffering.

There was quiet. He lifted his hand from the cup, and I drained it into my mouth. The liquid was cold and sweet, feeling nearly like it repaired me as it passed through my throat. My breathing steadied, and the pain in my head subsided.

"Then allow me to finish," he muttered. "You crashed into an oncoming vehicle at sixty miles an hour. The front of your car smashed through their chassis, forcing the entire block into the driver and passengers' seats. The driver was killed instantly, but his pregnant wife survived. By the time she was found, it was too late, and the baby was lost. Jack's head slammed into the back of your seat, the impact of which caused serious brain damage, leaving him in a catatonic state. The airbags failed to deploy, and Annie was launched from your passenger seat through the front window, cracking her twenty first and twenty second vertebrae, causing paralysis of her lower body."

I froze, nausea climbing through my stomach like a giant centipede, each of its hundred legs poking into my intestines as it climbed to my throat.

"Jane?" I croaked out.

"Jane sat in the back of the car with Annie's seat crushing her ribs into her lungs for four hours as she cried out for help." The man's voice was choked with anger.

A cold hand gripped my heart as the clouds in my head faded. I was there, sitting in the car. My leg felt like someone had broken a thousand glass shards inside of it. I was confused, my mind scattered, but I had the wherewithal to drag myself out of the car.

"I-I-" I stammered

"You ran," He clarified, his eyes filled with loathing.

He extinguished his cigarette and rose from his seat. He made his way around the table and placed a painfully tight grip on my shoulder.

"You left my daughter to die in the back of that car, and not a single day has passed over the last year when I haven't taken a deep morbid pleasure in waking you up to this hell each and every time. Happy anniversary, Michael. I'll see you in the morning."

The door clicked closed behind him, and for a moment, the room was silent.

Almost immediately, I could feel my memory fading, mist and smoke obscuring my thoughts as the events of that night faded into a miasma of repression.

As my chair was brought back to my room, I could scarcely remember my name, the only thing clear to me being my own reflection mirrored back to me by the dark hospital window.

Charlie's story appeared in the 2021 edition of INCITE, the magazine of independent school student writing.



Blazing heat, sunny days, empty streets.

Sebastiano Gianelli -Viscardi

Will old die first, or young?

Cian Bryson

Need a break from our break.

Lucas Hardie

Home, beginning to feel like school.

James Colrairie

TTC card for sale, never used.

Owen Lavoie

Every day seems to repeat itself.

Ben Galarce

Crowded rooms, all connected by wifi.

Wyatt Carling

All in this together: stay apart.

Jacob Buchan



Six-Word Memoirs

March 29th, not so Happy Birthday.

Marten Ling

United by misery, separated by fear.

Zach Chabursky

Somehow still awake at 5 am.

Alex Ling

Hidden away talking to a screen.

Charlie Lund

Not learning, simply submitting before deadline.

Jacob Lloyd

Mask on face, mask on life.

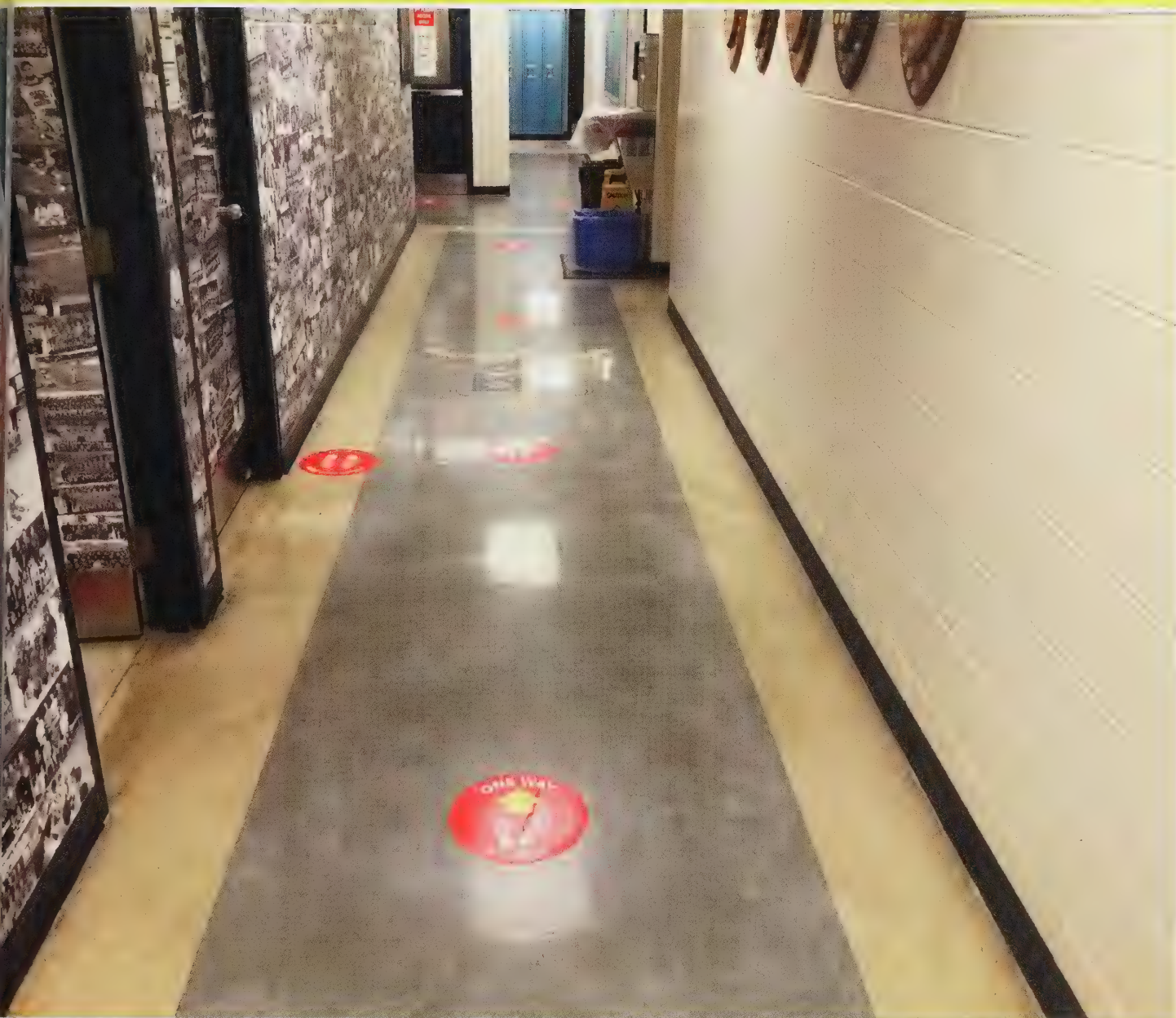
Adam Goldman

Novel virus brings no novel experiences.

Lucas Livingston

Myspace famous, Zoom calls, New friends.

Luca Mancinelli



Love you! But please go away.

Joey Lisser

The world, trapped in my computer.

Jack Vendittelli

Gaming everyday keeps the doctor away

Aiden Magor

Rejoice: you can't be afraid forever.

Jacob Buchan



Henry Gold, grade twelve

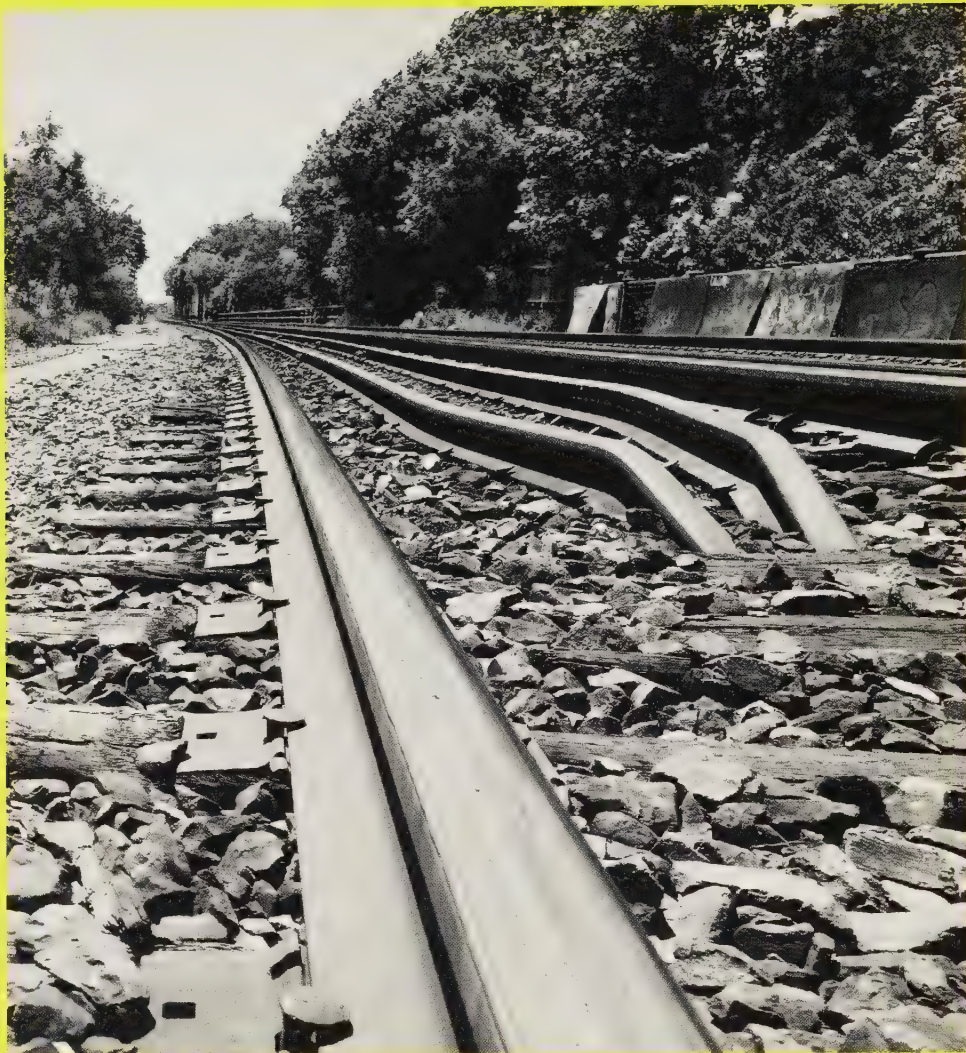
Eric Yang, grade nine



Callum Rand, grade nine







Henry McCutcheon, grade nine



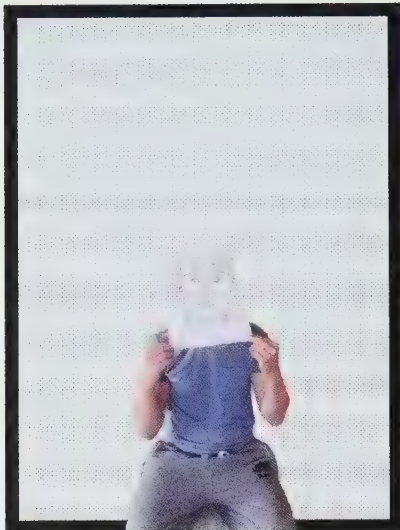
Hamish McIntosh, grade twelve

Owen Massey, grade ten



Riley Muir, grade ten

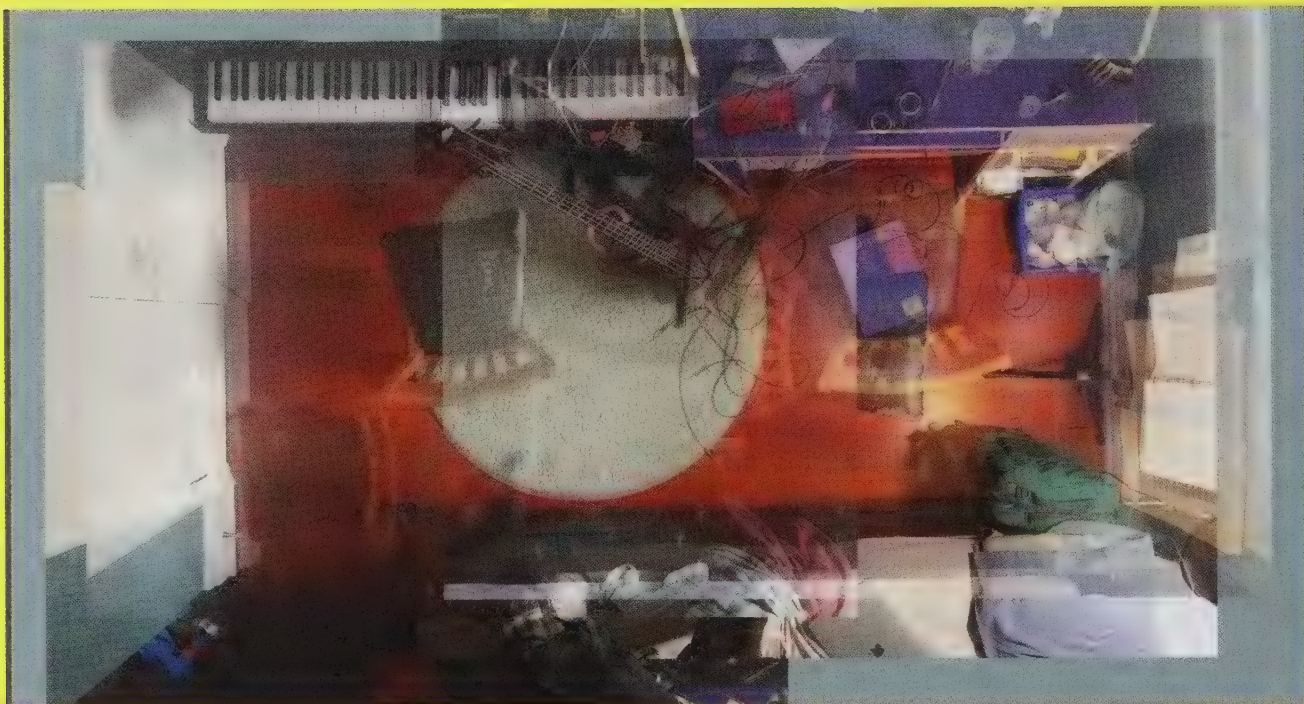




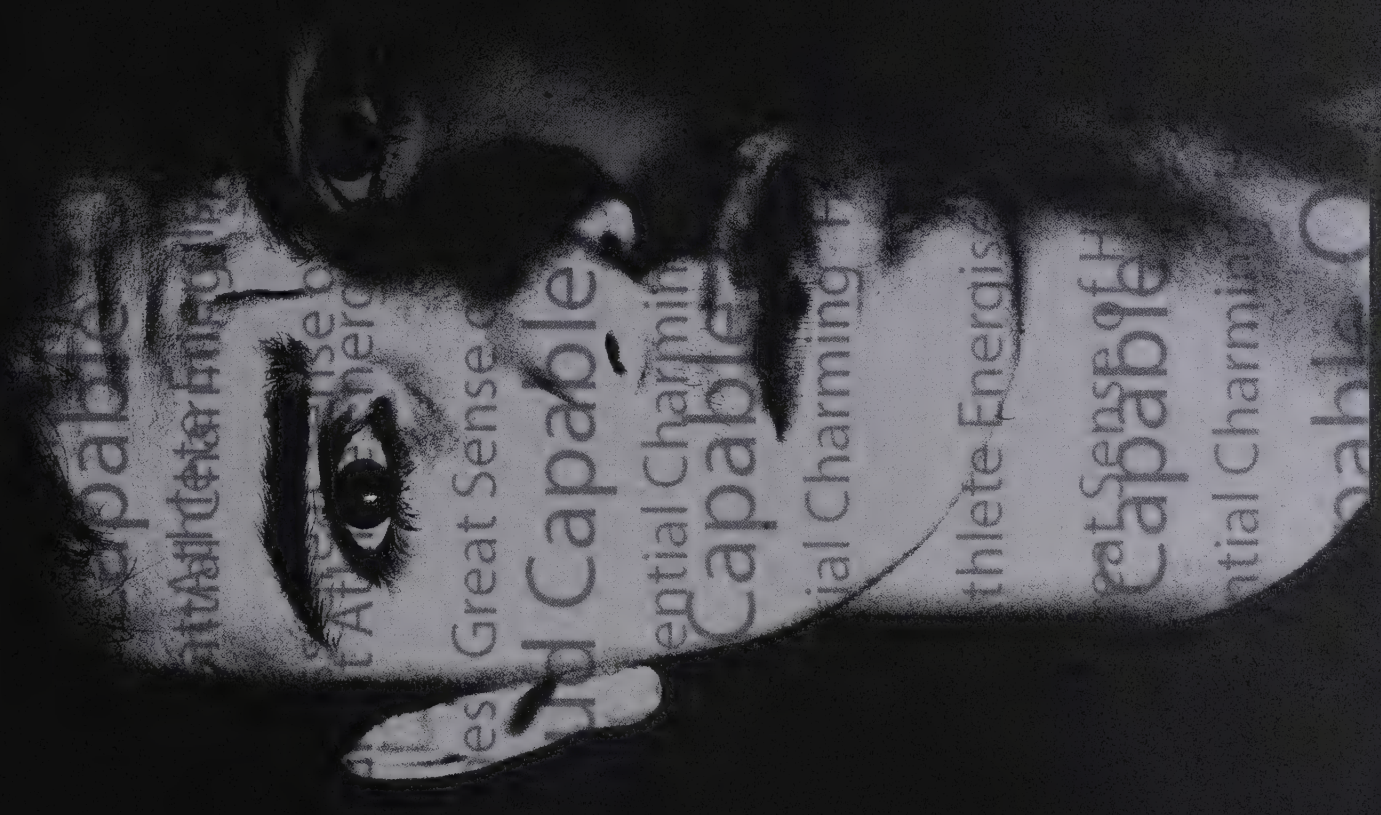
Max Van Duynhoven, grade twelve

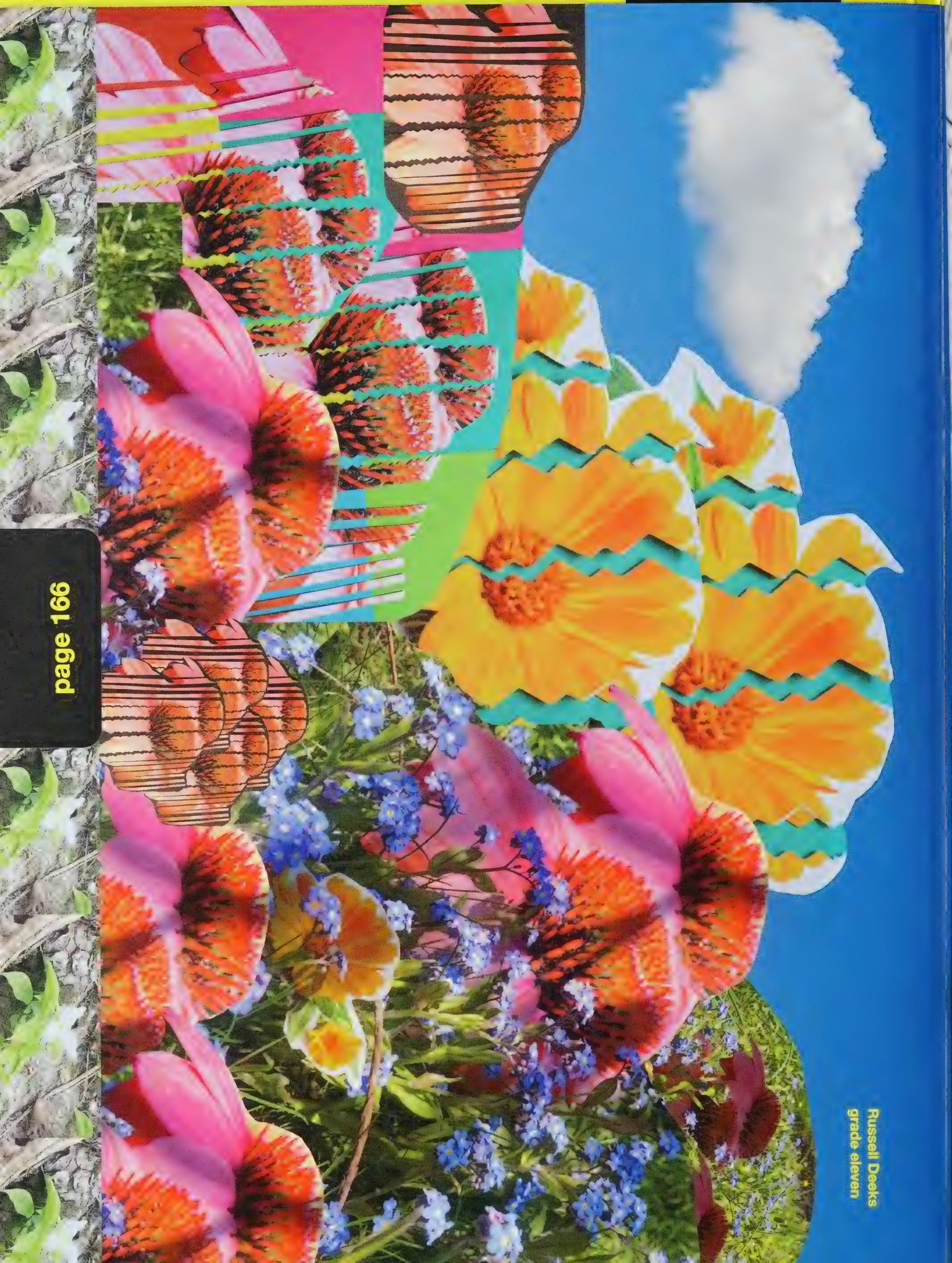


Declan Utsal, grade nine



Cian Bryson, grade eleven







On March 21, 1978, Loblaw launched “No Name” with 16 generic or unbranded items in black and yellow packaging. It was initially promoted as “basic products in plain packaging at down-to-earth everyday low prices”, No Name promised savings of between 10 and 40 percent over national brands. The launch beat rival supermarket chain Dominion, with its own line of generic products, by 24 hours. Available at Loblaw’s 135 stores across Ontario, full-page ads claimed that No Name offered the best value for money as a combination of price and quality – the result of cost controls associated with using standard instead of custom packaging and the efforts of its own “task force” in negotiating lower priced, bulk orders from suppliers.

In keeping with the generic nature of the product line, the original No Name packaging showed no branding – only text with a basic product description and name, such as “freshly ground coffee” or “fabric softener,” on a solid background. Years later, a “No Name” registered trademark appeared. While other generic lines presented their packaging as black on

white, Toronto designer Don Watt chose black, boldface text in a Helvetica font, all lower case, on a bright yellow background, as a means of attracting the attention of shoppers.

In 2009, Loblaw’s re-launched No Name, “the iconic brand and its unmistakable plain black printing on yellow packaging”. New product packaging included a return to black Helvetica lettering on a yellow background, along with some limited product illustration. Loblaw’s executive David Primorac said the company decided to bring back the original colour palette as something familiar to shoppers. “It’s something recognizable and it’s easy for consumers.” Also, for the first time since the early 1990s, No Name television commercials were aired which showed Loblaw’s Executive Chairman Galen G. Weston in a shopping cart comparison reminiscent of the Dave Nichol commercials of the early 1980s....

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